

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMERTM

EXCLUSIVE
WET SHORTS
PREVIEW

ISSUE 39

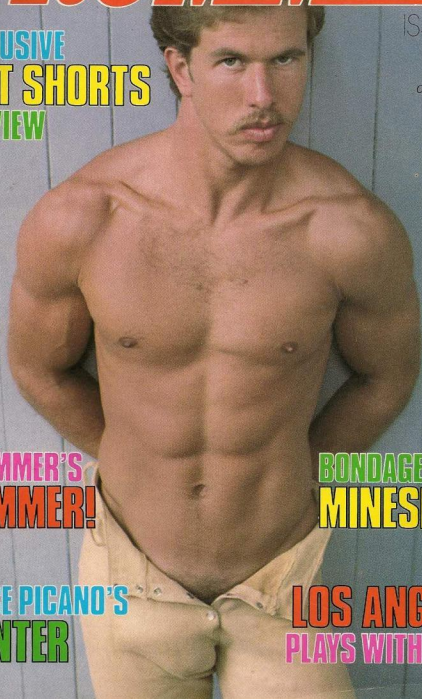
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DRUMMER'S
SUMMER!

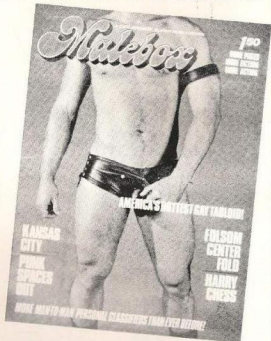
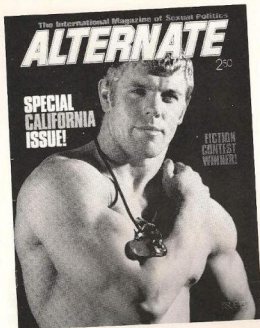
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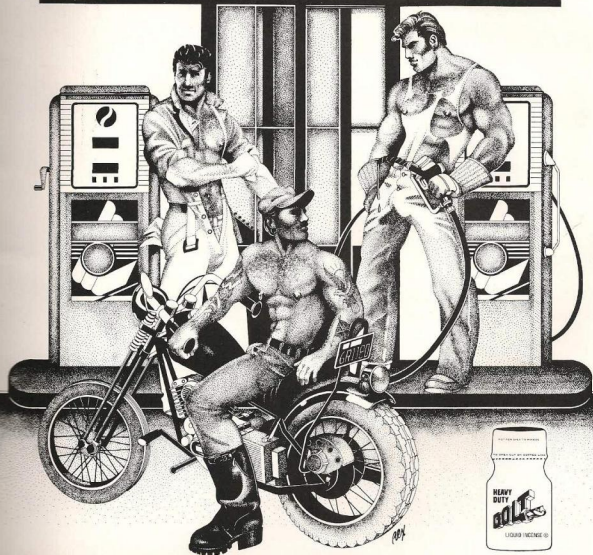
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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

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Our Fifth Anniversary turned into a month-long celebration with The Drummer 2nd Annual Erotic Art Show, The Drummer Erotic Photoshow, The Mr. South of Market Contest, The Drummer Cell Block Party, and the installation of the first Drummer Key Club in San Francisco. Read all about it.

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Cover and Opposite page: Austin Hester, the blond-haired, blue-eyed Southern stud that stole the judges' hearts and set the audiences' crotches on fire at the Mr. South of Market Contest in San Francisco, hosted by Drummer and Trocadero Transfer. Photos by Jim Moss.

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

POLITICAL REFUGEES

Drummer will shortly have two new, very special employees. Two gay Cuban refugees. For us, and for a host of gays who have paid lip service to the plight of gay political prisoners, this will be a unique opportunity to exercise those platitudes into hard line action.

Currently there are an estimated 15,000 gay Cuban political refugees being held in special camps separated from the mainstream of the Cubans who fled Castro's regime. The destiny of these 15,000 homosexual men and women is mutually in the hands of the State Department and the American gay community.

An aside — The State Department, by recognizing the gay Cubans as political prisoners, has symbolically slapped the wrist of the INS (Immigration and Naturalization Service) which has refused entry of gay men and women into the country for political reasons — and recently began a barrage of denying access to foreign gays traveling to America.

A number of regional gay community service organizations, and the Metropolitan Community Church, has undertaken the burden of securing both housing and employment for the gay refugees. Part of the State Department's willingness to let gay Cubans resettle through the direction of the gay community as a whole has been due to the ceaseless efforts of those organizations. But it won't be enough. Help is needed from every quarter of the gay community, from men and women, from libertarians to closeted gays. Beyond finding 15,000 homes for the refugees, there needs to be 15,000 jobs. Each gay business should examine their ability to provide at least one job — if only part time. Programs to overcome the language barrier for those Cubans who do not speak English, to train them for real employment, and to bring the right employee to the right job position are already in existence.

Drummer readers should consider the relationship they share with the Cuban gay refugees. The public impression of the Cubans as stereotypical nelly queers (which is to be expected given the nature of their machismo social order and the cultural adage that any man who seeks sex with another man must want to be a woman) is matched by the public impression of leather men everywhere. Viewed as cultural decadents, distrusted as sexual hedonists; we share the same shitty end of the social stick.

There are no viable alternatives to our complete support for the welfare of these refugees. We are, as American gays, in a position to assume the responsibility for providing them with homes, a supportive gay environment, and jobs. We owe that to ourselves, because we can hardly expect our own freedom if we deny their right to that same freedom, in this country, under our care.

— John W. Rowberry

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

DISCRIMINATION

I have been a fervent reader of your magazine for some years now and feel that it's one of the greatest gay magazines around. Your recent editorial in issue No. 36 entitled "Too Fat, Too Thin, ... Too Bad!" struck a sympathetic note in me. That particular editorial takes issue with a discrimination within the gay community from gay bars, baths, etc. In this letter, I wish to raise the issue of racial discrimination as well.

To ignore the fact that racial discrimination does exist within the gay community or to hope that it will go away is the height of naivness. It comes as no surprise that minority gays have, to a certain extent, shied away from politics, etc. After all, who really is to benefit from gay liberation when gays practice discrimination against other gays on the basis of race? About the only real difference between homosexuals and heterosexuals is who we fuck with.

R. Jay
San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: We have omitted a section of this letter that deals with an act of discrimination at a particular gay business until we can try to investigate the incident ourselves. We stand firmly behind our policy of not accepting advertising or covering editorially those places that practice discrimination against gays, and should the information omitted

from the above letter bear truth, the business in question will be excluded from DRUMMER'S pages.)

SLAVE'S WORK

I have just finished reading the current *DRUMMER*, it gets better all the time. My Master is one hot man, and I hope some day that he will allow me to send you his photo. I am here to serve my Master and to see to his care and give him pleasure. I have the job of keeping his boots shined, his leather clean and his uniforms neat and pressed.

But the job that I most enjoy is shaving my Master's body. Yes, that is right. I had always thought that the mark of a true man was the hair on his chest and body. My Master has taught me different. I was turned off at first at his order that I shave him, but then the first time I saw him in a bodybuilding contest I realized how turned on I was by the look of his hard body. Now I look forward to shaving him. The feel of smooth skin against mine, the taste of his sweat. Now I know when it is time to shave him and do it with pride. I am sure that you will find a lot of men who turn on to having their body shaved and I am not talking about just slaves either. So the next time you look at a hot bodybuilder you might just wonder if his slave has the job of shaving his body.

Mike
Van Nuys, CA



HAPPY FIFTH!

Here's to our favorite magazine on the occasion of your fifth anniversary! Good luck in the future, and keep up the great work!

Buddy and Matthew
Glendale, CA

ARC THROB

I have been a reader of your great magazine as often as I could get my hands on it for the past three years. Each edition has left me wanting more — and my hands someplace else.

Bravo! On your issue No. 37 dedicated to the South of Market Man.

Having lived just off Folsom between 7th and 8th Streets for 9 months, and spending a good deal of my evenings and weekends in many of the establishments in your article, you brought back many fond memories of my time spent on the West Coast. Thank you much.

Let's see more of your cover subject from that issue. How about a special feature — or knowledge of a special edition about him? I'm sure that he left many reader's hearts and other parts of their anatomy throbbing. He sure did mine.

Thank you again, keep up the good work with a great magazine, and best wishes for continued success.

R. Mike Little
Chicago, IL

(Editor's Note: Watch for the first issue of DRUMMER MEN, and your request will be filled.)

SORE BALLS

As a recent reader of Drummer, I have just begun to explore the S&M scene. I want you to know that I think the Inferno stories and photos were out of this world! I hope you will do much more in this area. I am also beginning to turn on to the whole shaving idea. Just got the guts to shave my crotch and am finding that it is a tremendous turn-on for me. Please do more of both the Inferno and shaving stories.

One request. I am beginning to turn on more and more to cock and ball punishments. I keep seeing ads from bottoms who are into cock and ball tortures, so there must be a lot of interest in this punishment. I was a long time coming to realize that I turn on to having my testicles worked over — and I was a while finding a guy who was willing to get into it with but wouldn't mutilate me in the process.

So, about once every two or three weeks, I get together with this one top and we get into a scene that includes ball punishment. I am very submissive when a guy takes control of my bags. Usually, he makes sure that my shave is a very close one, then he attaches a leash to my balls and leads me to the basement. There, among other things, I am tied down on my back, with my legs over my head and my thighs wide spread. Then, with my pubes very bare and exposed, he works me over with a leather whip that has about 8 short (nine inch) strands. He gives me a slow whipping, sometimes taking two hours and several hundred strokes, on my ass, my ass hole, my cock, but best of all most of it goes on my dangling shaved balls. I'm sore for a day or so, but he never mutilates. So it's a great scene for me.

John
Baltimore, MD

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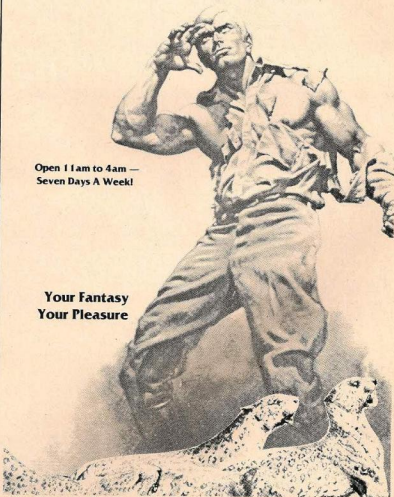
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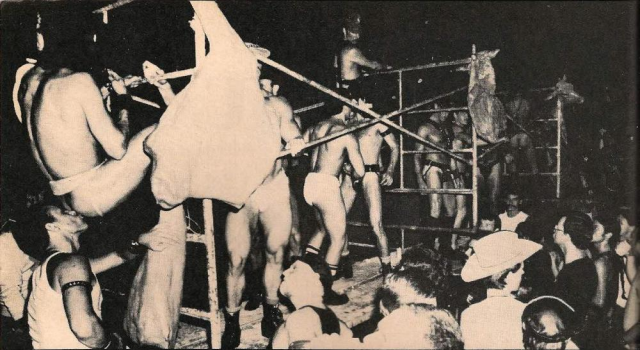
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DRUMMER CELEBRATES ITS FIFTH BIRTHDAY



DRUMMER SUMMER

Celebrating *Drummer's* Fifth Anniversary obviously meant a great deal to us, but we had no idea how heavy-duty the celebrating would become when we decided to co-host a few get-togethers and maybe have a contest in our hometown of San Francisco.

The planning and work started a few months earlier. We knew we wanted to do something big in June, the month that marked our anniversary and coincided with the annual Gay Freedom Day festivities. We were already at work on the first of our special leathermen's supplements (San Francisco and the Folsom Attitude) and figured a nice, quiet reception at The Ambush would make a fitting debut.

Then there was our Annual Erotic Art Show; this would only be the second one — already we knew our offices were too small to hold the throng that had visited last year's. We worked with a then-relatively-new bar and restaurant South of Market called The Headquarters to co-host it. We had also been gathering a companion exhibit, The Drummer Erotic PhotoShow, and arranged with The Asylum (now called The Eighth Day) to house both the exhibition and a special slide-show.

A birthday party for Drummer Magazine would ultimately turn into The Mr. South of Market Contest, and we would have to go someplace huge to hold the legions of hot leathermen in the city; arrangements were ultimately made with Dick Collier and Trocadero Transfer (the only South of Market disco and a whale-sized place at that). Dick was celebrating having finally received his liquor permit after a long, hard struggle with the powers that be.

The final event would be strictly physical: The Cell Block Party at Bulldog Baths, and on the very evening of the 1980 Gay Freedom Day Parade, a most logical time and place.

But, behind the scenes, other things were brewing. We were negotiating for a site for our first Drummer Key Club; in San Francisco and something very special. While we looked at and talked about a number of possibilities, we finally settled on a South of Market bar that had a full-sized swimming pool. Forget what you've heard about San Francisco fog, South of Market lies in a sun belt and this is very much a city of swimmers.

For a while it seemed like the events were running into each other; because besides the special June evenings, we were busy putting together *Drummer* and *Mach*. But we managed, due in part to hard-core hard work and the incredible energy level of San Francisco itself.



WITH FIVE BIG BLASTS



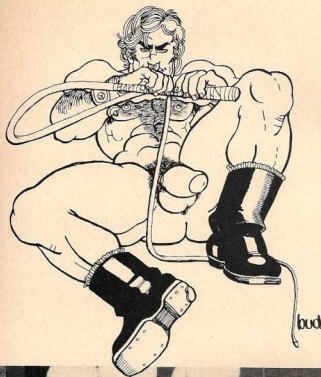
Opposite page: Photos by Rink, this page: top photo by Terry S.F., bottom photo by Rink.

A black and white photograph showing a buffet table laden with various appetizers, including small round items on sticks and heart-shaped pastries. Several hands are visible, reaching for the food. In the upper left, a person's arm and hand holding a bowl of small round items are visible. The overall scene is a social gathering with food.

THE FOLSOM ATTITUDE

The first of our celebrations was a reception for the South of Market business community to debut the *Dinner Folsom* supplement (issue No. 37). The Ambush, a favorite place for a lot of San Francisco leathermen, staged an evening that had the heart pounding — the groin stirring — the decor, the staff and the buffet all seemed bent on producing a spectacular the likes of which hasn't been seen since the heyday of ancient Rome.

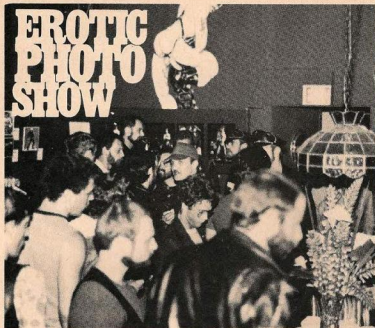
EROTIC ART SHOW



The Second Annual Drummer Erotic Art Show brought together a wide variety of the erotic and popular talents that have filled *Drummer's* pages and our reader's fantasies over the past half-decade. Etienne, Matt, Charles Musgrave and Ken Wood attended the opening night reception to the delight of the packed house — The Headquarters served up a lavish and diverse buffet that ranged from cock-and-ball bread to their famous flying pizza. A searchlight cut through the sky, proclaiming that South of Market was feting their own. Besides the attending artists, the walls were filled with the work of Bill Ward, Tom of Finland, Anthony De Frange, Wayne Flynn, Arnet Larsen, Joe Johnson, Bud, Sulfeski and Lou Rudolph. The show hung for a month, and was seen by thousands of San Francisco residents and visitors.

Opposite page: The slave as a buffet foundation, photo by Jim Moss. This page: opening night viewers of the Second Annual Drummer Erotic Art Show, photo by Terry S.F.





The Drummer Erotic PhotoShow was themed *Hard Corps*, and lived up to its promise. Photo by Terry/S.F.

Next came the Drummer Erotic PhotoShow, a three week exhibit that was so hot local rumor had it the exhibit closed down its host home, The Asylum. A nice thought, but hardly true. The owner of the Asylum was retiring, and arranged to hang the photoshow as his final gesture. Sorta like going out with a bang.

Jim Moss, our Special Projects Editor, and Skip Sweet, master of the slide projector, created an explosive slide show especially for the opening night reception. Eyes were glued to the screen as sizzling image after sizzling image threatened to melt the walls.

The mounted exhibition itself represented the whole spectrum of erotic possibilities: from the massive muscle photography of Terry of San Francisco, to the highly-charged sexuality of Fred Halsted, the sensual photojournalism of Rink, the international flair of Roy Dean, the powerful imagery of Efrén Rameriz, the haunting work of legend Robert Opel, stylized Dave Sands, the overpowering Colt, the extremely popular work of Jim Moss — to the work of three new photographers to our pages who are destined to join the others in reputation: Sandy Graham (with her photo-essay of men in bondage), Greg Day (whose lush sexual men rival his already-established reputation) and Wolfgang's stark, almost severe portraits of men as sexmachines.



MR. SOUTH OF MARKET CONTEST

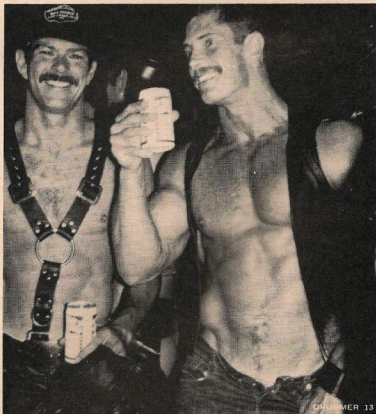


Above and below, the beginning of the Mr. South of Market Contest showed the audience just what to expect. All the contestants were sure-fire crowd pleasers. Photos by Robert Puzan.

Then came the night we were most waiting for — The Mr. South of Market Contest co-sponsored by Trocadero Transfer. By the time the entry deadline closed, there were 24 contestants. Twenty-four of the hottest, sexiest, best looking men ever gathered together in one place at one time. And all in leather — for a while.

The judges were our very favorites, and represented the top names in their fields: Lou Thomas of Target Studio; Larry Townsend — author of *The Leatherman's Handbook*; Roy Dean, the internationally known photographer and author; Jim Hawkins of Zeus Studios; Etienne, without a doubt one of the finest artists working in the field of hot, hung, macho men; our many-time former coverman, Val Martin — who also was our entry in The Gold Coast's Mr. International Leather Contest for 1980 in Chicago. The local judges were Harry Britt, San Francisco's gay supervisor; and David Scott — who ran as an open gay candidate for Mayor of San Francisco last year and pulled a solid percentage of the overall city vote.

It was a night to remember. The typical sultry San Francisco evening that promised cool breezes and all-night action. That was outside, inside it was hot as hell — hot like in over a thousand hot, macho men getting down to the Troc's powerful and respected sound system, lights and D.J. Hot, like in the slaughterhouse decor and scaffolding and hanging sides-of-beef. Hot, like the roast pig resting atop tons of choice, fresh eatables. Hot, like in the oversized birthday cakes.





Above and below, contestants at the Mr. South of Market Contest during the briefwear presentation were attired in everything from wet jockstraps to leather shorts. Top photo/Rink. Bottom photo/Robert Pruzan.



Hot, like in the rampant air of anticipation hanging over the crowd. And for the twenty-four contestants, this was going to be the night!

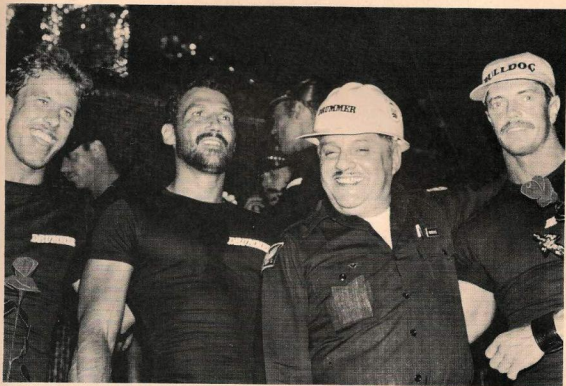
The M.C. was a well-known South of Market personality, Mr. R. Marcus, who had been breathing fire in his local news column for a month that this was the one contest no one would want to miss. He brought out each of the contestants, dressed to the hilt in their own leather fantasies, to an accompanying slide show of the contestant in some shots that could not have been performed on the stage itself. The audience went wild as each contestant made his first appearance and they got to see both the man and the slide show at the same time.

When the contestants were reintroduced to the crowd later in the evening, it was strictly jock straps that separated them from the throbbing mass. They danced and flexed on the scaffolding ringing the huge room; strutted and showed their stuff to the audience and judges.

The third time, definitely a charm — the contestants were lined up on stage in their jocks and Drummer T-shirts and the winners were announced.

The Bay Area Reporter best summed up those moments when they reported on the evening:

"It was 2:15 am when the moment of truth arrived. The envelopes were passed and the contestants assembled onstage once more. The 6th runner-up was Jim Gilman, sponsored by The Boot Camp Club. The 5th runner-up was Gaylord Guines, sponsored by Canary Island. A



loud cheer arose when Butch Freeman, sponsored by Leatherworld, was named the 4th place runner-up.

"The third runner-up (Mr. Mach), Sam "Max" Pasco, sponsored by the Bulldog Baths, received an enthusiastic ovation, his popularity already renowned due to his appearance on the thousands of Bulldog Baths posters, ads and billboards.

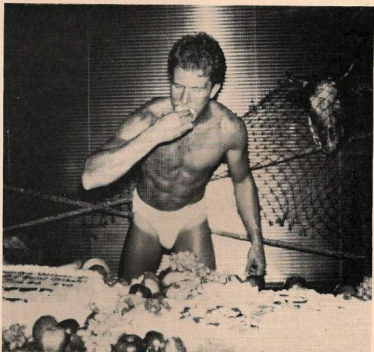
"The big crowd pleaser was Rene Verrett (second runner-up) sponsored by the Handball Express. Gleaming in muscular splendor, he obviously thrilled the crowd and, godlike in appearance, fulfilled many a fantasy.

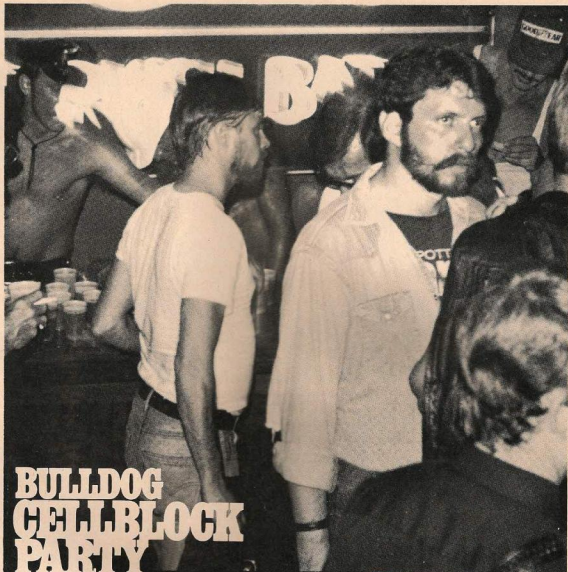
"A hush fell on the crowd as John Embry (publisher of Drummer Magazine), tore open the envelope and announced that Austin Hester, boyish, blue-eyed, blonde and sponsored by Trocadero Transfer was to reap the title, the big prizes and the glory. A prolonged ovation punctuated with heavy stomping ensued as pandemonium ran rampant. Mr. Hester reaped \$500 in cash, a 5-gallon tub of Performance, a case full of Hardware, memberships in the Handball Express, the Bulldog Baths and the Club Baths/Ritch Street, a custom sling from Leatherworld, a limited edition poster from The Arena, and several other gifts.

"All the contestants received a charter membership in the Drummer Key Club, a leather rose from T.J. Creations, a 69-day membership at the Bulldog Baths and a 1980 Dameron Guide Book."

And while the winners might have been announced, the party went on all night long, literally until dawn.

Above, First Place Winner Austin Hester, Second Place Rene Verrett, Master of Ceremonies Mr. Marcus and Third Place Sam "Max" Pasco. Below, Austin samples the Drummer Fifth Anniversary cake. Photos by Robert Pruzan.





BULLDOG CELLBLOCK PARTY



Above and Below, The Bulldog Baths was designed to bring out the fantasy in its patrons, with every possible scene available. Photo by Wolfgang.

There was only the giant Cell Block Party at the Bulldog Baths to go, on Gay Freedom Day, and our *Drummer* celebrations would be over — for June.

Let it suffice to say that the Cell Block Party was up to the Bulldog's usual standards. The stuff you read about in the hotter stories in *Drummer* was the order of the day. Many hot men found out all kinds of new things about themselves. There was a piercing demonstration, a buffet, and a general feeling that this was definitely the day for hard-on heavy duty action. That party also went on all night (the Bulldog doesn't close), and well into the next day.



DRUMMER KEY CLUB



By the end of June, and too late to be officially announced at any of our celebrations, the final agreements were reached on the first Drummer Key Club.

Immediately, work was begun reconstructing the existing buildings into the perfect complex for the Drummer man and his guests. The Drummer Key Club indeed has a full-sized pool, showers and lockers, a pool-side bar, a main lounge, a great new home for The Studstore, and absolute privacy in the heart of San Francisco's South of Market. Cur-

rently, The Drummer Key Club will officially open in September. However, a number of pre-opening events are planned and will be announced soon.

The Drummer Key Club will become the home not only of our members, but the Annual Drummer Erotic Art Show, the Erotic PhotoShow, and a number of exciting, unique special events. The Club will not be open to the public. But it will be an extension of the style and flavor of Drummer Magazine.

A very plum close to a truly Drummer Summer!

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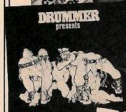
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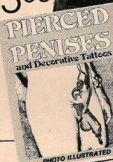
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HUNTER

by Felice Picano

It was sunset when Ben Apres drove up to the hanging shingle that read "Sagopnauk Rock Writers Colony," and, on a smaller, added-on shingle, "Visitors see Dr. Ormond." An oddly Autumnal sunset, despite the early summer date and no hint of dropping temperature, as Ben stepped out of a ten-year-old Volvo that hadn't given him a bit of its usual temperament on the long trip, as he urinated on a clump of poison ivy until it was shiny wet, surveying what appeared to be yet another rolling succession of green humped New England hills.

The muted colors of the sunset fitted Ben's own fatigued calm following weeks of torment, his final uncertain decision to come, and his more recent anxieties since the turn off the main road that he'd never find the place, that he'd driven past it several times already, the directions had seemed so sketchy.

He found himself gazing at the sky as though it would tell him something essential, or as though he'd never see one like it again. Then he made out some houses nestled in a ravine. The colony. He'd made it!

Dr. Ormond was easy to find. The paved road that dipped down into the colony ended at his front door in a shallow oval parking lot, radiating dirt roads in several directions. Two cars

Ken Wood

with out-of-state-plates were parked and a locally licensed beat-up Baby-blue pickup.

The active, middle-aged man who stepped out of the house chomping an apple, introduced himself, then looked vaguely upset when Ben introduced himself and asked where he'd be staying.

There appeared to be a mix-up, Dr. Ormond said. Another guest — and here Ormond threw the apple down — and went on to mention a woman writer of some repute — had unexpectedly accepted the colony's earlier invitations, thought by them to have been forgotten. She had taken the last available studio. They hadn't been certain Ben was coming this season either. Victor Glove hadn't heard from Ben in weeks. Of course, Victor hadn't heard from Joan Sampson either, and she'd come too, though naturally, they were all delighted she was here.

Ormond motioned behind him vaguely. Ben saw a white clapboard, pitched-roof house standing alone on a patch of grassy land. He supposed that was her studio: the one he was to have lived in.

Before he could ask, a plump middle-aged woman, her apron fluttering, her hair in disarray, was waving to them from the doorway. She'd already telephoned Victor, she called out. He was on his way. Mrs. Ormond, Ben guessed.

He leaned against the Volvo. Darkness was quietly dropping into the ravine. One or two lights were turned on in the Ormonds' house, other lights appeared suddenly in more distant studios. Ben wanted to wake up tomorrow morning in this enchanted glade, to spend sunny and rainy days here, long afternoons, crisp mornings, steamy nights. He would not allow the mix-up to affect his decision. After all the inner turmoil, he was glad he'd come. He wasn't leaving.

Above all, he was grateful to Victor Glove, who was jogging toward them now, accompanied by a large, taffy-colored Irish Hound, the two racing, skirting the big oak, circling Ben and Dr. Ormond, the dog barking then nuzzling Ben's hand for a caress; Glove hardly out of breath, glad to see Ben. He took Ben's hand, clasped his shoulder, smiled, as was openly welcoming as Ormond hadn't been.

Victor was already tan; his curly dark head already spark-

led with sunreddened hair; he looked healthier and more virile than he'd ever looked in the city: an advertisement for country living with his handsome, open-featured face, his generous, beautifully muscled body that loose clothing like the old t-shirt and cordorons he was wearing couldn't disguise. Ben felt Victor's warmth charge into his own body as they touched, and he knew that all things were possible this summer: even the impossible: even Victor.

"There's no place for Ben to stay here," Dr. Ormond protested once they'd gotten inside the Ormonds' living room.

"What about the little cottage," Victor said. "That's empty."

"What little cottage?"

"By the pond. I passed it today. It's all closed up. You don't need a full studio, do you Ben? Of course, he doesn't. He'd love the little cottage."

"It's a fifteen minute walk from here," Ormond, unpersuaded.

Ben suspected he'd be crazy about the little cottage.

"He's young," Victor said. "It's not far for him."

"But it isn't ready for him."

"Sure it is. You helped clean it up yourself. Remember? It can't have gotten more than a little musty in the meanwhile. Besides, he can't go all the way back now, can he?"

Ben told them he'd already sublet his apartment in the city. He had nowhere else to go.

"You see!" Victor said. "Come on, Ben, dinner's ready. I'll take you to the little cottage after."

"Victor!" Ormond said, in a strange tone of voice. "That cottage was Hunter's."

"It belongs to the colony."

"You know what I mean."

"Ben's here," Glove said firmly. "Hunter isn't."

"No. I guess you're right."

"Then it's settled."

Four of them ate dinner. Joan Sampson was to have joined them but she called to cancel, saying she had work to do.

Ben did know they had no such thing as community dining at the colony, didn't he, Frances Ormond asked. Everyone took care of themselves. Except of course, everyone dined with whomever they wanted to. She hoped that Ben would feel as welcome at her table as Dr. Glove was. It was impossible for Ben to not like the transplanted urban woman who'd evidently found peace in Sagaponauk Rock. Like Victor, she radiated health and happiness. Ben would later discover that was a rare quality at the colony. Others had brought their sufferings and neuroses, unable or unwilling to let them go. They argued around kitchen tables just as badly as they had in Manhattan bars. They outraged and scandalized each other in country bedrooms with infidelities and treacheries as though they still lived in West Side apartment complexes. Over the following week, Ben sized up the colony members quickly. Only Mrs. Ormond was judged to be sound.

And Victor, of course. Victor, who was the reason Ben had come to Sagaponauk Rock, and the reason he had almost not come. Even after Ben had sublet his apartment. Even after Ben had turned off the exit from the New England Thruway and had driven north for what seemed hours.

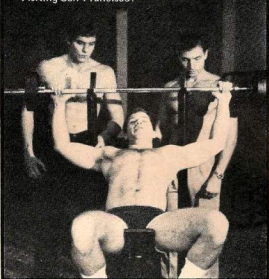
After dinner, Victor got into the Volvo's driver's seat and drove through the dark, rutted road to the little cottage. Ben held an extra kerosene can Frances Ormond had given him — unsure whether the electricity was turned on.

It was, they discovered, after a long, silent ride through the deep darkness of the country, passing what would later become landmarks to Ben on his night walks and night drives: the community house, the first two studios, then Victor's, the apple orchard, then the fork past the pond.

The cottage was L-shaped: a large, bare bedroom separated by a small bathroom and cavernous storage closet from a good sized study area, opening onto a small one-wall kitchen with a long dining counter.

Victor built a fire to help clear out the unseasonable chill. Ben went through the kitchen cabinets and found a bottle half full of Fundador. They sipped the brandy, talking about the program they'd tentatively set up the past April at school, which Ben as an apprentice writer would follow at the colony. He was only to show Victor a piece of writing when he was satisfied with it, or unable to find satisfaction in it. Some of the others at the colony never shared their work with each

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other. Victor and Joan had agreed to meet regularly to read to each other. Ben could join them.

Although it was only a three and a half month stay, Ben had decided he would write day and night. Not only the few short stories Victor asked for, but a novel too: *the novel*, the one he'd planned, the one he believed he'd been born to write. Free here of most distractions he felt certain he'd get much of it done before the last school year rolled around again. He already loved the cottage.

Only the bedroom — after a second look — didn't seem as cozy as the rest of the house. Ben thought the bedroom's coldness was due to its appearance: low ceilings, uncarpeted dull wood floor, only a few pieces of furniture: hardly inviting. Perhaps a single night's sleep would warm it up. The double-bed — higher and wider than the one he was used to, was firm yet comfortable when he tried it out.

Victor had gone into the bathroom. He found Ben stretched out on the big high bed, and stopped, lingering on the threshold.

For a long minute they looked at each other. Ben, his hands under his head for a pillow, felt suddenly exposed, then seductively positioned, inviting. Glove seemed suddenly bereft of his usual composure, uncertain, fragile, even frightened. Neither of them moved: Ben could feel the tension of the possible and the impossible filling the room like a thick mist.

"It's getting late," Victor said, his voice subdued, his hands suddenly gesturing as though controlled by someone else. "I'll come by in the morning to show you around the colony."

Ben was embarrassed now too, and quickly sat up and got off the bed to see the older man out. In an attempt to cover over the shame he felt he asked: "Who had this cottage before me?"

"Stephen Hunter, the poet," Glove said, looking out into darkness.

"You're kidding. I didn't know he stayed here at the colony."

"Oh, everyone important comes to Sagoaponauk sooner or later."

Ben was about to say something about how happy he was that the cottage had a distinguished literary past, but Glove said good-bye and was gone.

Ben settled into the dank chill of the sheets they'd found in the big closet and thought of that moment in the bedroom, of Victor's suddenly coming upon him, his hesitation, his distracted gestures, the quiet tone of his voice and his sudden decision to leave. If he had remained another minute, come into the bedroom, come closer to Ben: the impossible would have been possible, in this very room.

Ben climaxed with a sharpness he hadn't experienced from masturbating for years, not since he was an adolescent. Wiping his abdomen with a hand towel, he wondered whether it was the fresh country air or seeing Victor Glove again after so long.

Victor didn't come by in the morning to show Ben around; Ben didn't see him until dinner time. But that was only the beginning of Victor's fluctuations of intense consideration and total aloofness that finally formed itself into an inescapable pattern.

That first morning, Ben didn't care. The bedroom faced east and he awoke to a sunny splendor of nearby trees and bright clear sunlight flooding every inch of what seemed to be a really handsome, though sparsely furnished room.

After a breakfast of bread and honey provided by Mrs. Ormond the night before, Ben wandered around the colony. He was still too awed to closely approach any studios, believing the other colony members would be intensely concentrating on their writing, and thus not to be disturbed. But he had enough to look at: the pond, surprisingly large, still and lovely, quite close to his cottage; the apple orchard stretching miles; the lively stream that formed a tiny marsh at the pond; the large old trees, many he'd never seen before; the young saplings everywhere; the fruit and berry bushes in demure blossom; the wild flowers surrounding the house; the cottage itself, beautifully crafted of fine woods, so that built-in tables, drawers, and cabinetry were integrated perfectly by color and grain, all of a piece.

He skirted the colony, later on, driving up to and along the two-laned highway, following Frances Ormond's instructions, locating in one direction a truckstop all-night diner, a gas

station and another five or six miles, the tiny hamlet of Sagoaponauk — where he purchased a backseat full of groceries and supplies. Driving in the other direction, past the colony, Ben found another gas station and an old clapboard roadhouse, containing a saloon and an Italian restaurant.

The peace that had settled on him momentarily the dusk before, returned when he drove back to the colony, and arrived to see the little cottage — highest of the houses on the property — aglow with fuschias and oranges, its western windows reflecting a brilliant summer sunset.

Victor apologized when he saw Ben. Besides doing some writing that day, he said he'd fixed a propane gas line to Joan's oven and hot water heater, and had helped Mrs. Ormond pick early apples for saucing.

Ben was embarrassed by the apology. He could spend all day with Victor. That was why he had come to the colony. But now that he was here, he could not justify deserving Glove's attention. Victor wasn't merely gorgeously unself-conscious, he was altruistic, giving his time and energy to anyone who needed it. Obviously there were others in the colony who needed it as much as Ben.

So Ben contented himself. Especially after the first few weeks, when he began to realize the impossible love between them could only occur suddenly, impulsively, unforgettably: like any other miracle.

Victor's comings and goings appeared to fit some obscure plan. Ben wouldn't see him for days, only come upon him mowing a shaggy patch of lawn, or wrapping heavy black tape around a split waterpipe of one of the studios. Then Victor would come by the little cottage early one afternoon, spend all day, remain for a hastily concocted dinner, talk about people and writing and books until midnight. Only to disappear for days. Only to reappear again as suddenly, stretched out on the yellow plastic lawnchair at midday as Ben returned home from a walk, or suddenly diving past Ben's surprised face into the clear water of the pond and swimming to the other shore. His appearances were unpredictable; the hours he spent with Ben so full of talk, of intense attention that Ben would be charmed into persuading himself that Glove was merely being careful: getting to know Ben better; making sure of him before he would suddenly turn to Ben, put his arms around him, and —

That was when Ben would feel frustrated all over again, full of lust, and he would have to go into the bedroom, to lay down, to picture how it would be, sometimes masturbating two or three times after Victor had been with him, feeling his fantasies becoming so real that the impossible *had* to happen.

Once, Victor came by after dinner when Ben was writing. Glove lay down quietly on the sofa, began to read a magazine, and fell asleep. When Ben realized that, he couldn't concentrate. Even sleeping, Victor was too disturbing. Ben wandered around the cottage, trying to wake the older man by the noise he made. He even tried to fall asleep himself, but it was an absurd attempt — the bedroom felt as cold, as uninviting as the first night he'd spent there.

He finally decided to wake Victor: he was so tall, he had to sleep bent up; he'd awaken with cramps and pains. Ben didn't say it to himself, but he suspected that once they were in bed together, Glove would relent.

Victor stretched, got up, looked once at the bedroom hallway as though trying to make up his mind whether to stay, then said he wouldn't hear of it.

It was hours before Ben could fall asleep, even after he'd taken a mild sedative.

He had purposely not touched himself during those tormenting hours of unrest. During the night, however, half-awakened, he felt heat emanating from his genitals, couldn't fight it away, and worked groggily but efficiently to bring himself to orgasm. Dazed, exhausted, he sank back to slumber.

The following afternoon, Victor was at the pond again when Ben arrived for his daily swim. With him, sitting on the tiny dark sand beach, wearing a huge sunhat, was a chaperone: Joam Sampson. Ben remained with them only long enough to be polite.

After that day, Victor and Joan were always together; Victor seldom alone.

Even without her interference, Ben thought she was the least sympathetic person he'd met in the colony. She epitomized all he disliked in the others: their utter sophistication and real provinciality; their brusqueness, their bad manners, their absorption with themselves and lack of interest in anyone

else except as reflections of themselves. Her frail child's underdeveloped body and the expensively casual clothing she wore, her bird-like unpretty face and unfocused blue eyes that seemed to look only with disdain, her arrogance, her instant judgements and devastating condemnations of matters she couldn't possibly know, her artificial laugh, her arch gestures and awkward mannerisms — she might have been a wind-up toy. Next to her, large, naturally graceful, athletically handsome Victor, his Victor, looked bumbling. Together, they were grotesque.

Ben made certain he wouldn't see them together. He pleaded work when they asked him to join them for dinner, didn't show up for readings of their work, never went where they were likely to be.

The impossible, he began to see, was impossible. He had to forget Victor, to forget him, and above all to stop fantasizing about him.

When the cold showers and extra work he made for himself around the cottage no longer served to keep his mind off Victor Glove, Ben began to run miles every day along the two-lane road, to swim hours at a time in another, larger pond he'd discovered a short drive away. When he realized these methods were no longer working Ben got into the Volvo late one night and drove to the all-night truckstop diner.

Two cars — one he recognized as belonging to the owner — and a large red Semi, were parked in the gravel lot. Ben pulled up close to the truck, hidden from both the diner and the road and waited. When the truck driver finally came out of the diner, Ben rolled down his car window and asked for a light for his cigarette.

The trucker was close to middle-aged and heavyset, but he had kind brown eyes and an engaging grin. He lighted Ben's cigarette. When he asked if Ben weren't a little young to be doing this sort of thing, Ben shrugged, then leaned back in the carseat with a loud sigh. A second later, the trucker's lower torso filled the car window frame, the worn denims were unzipped, not another word said. Ben sucked him off and came without touching himself.

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The following night, Ben stopped at the roadhouse and struck up a conversation with a travelling salesman who had a suitcase full of encyclopaedias. After a few drinks, Ben was able to convince the man he wanted something other than books. The salesman was younger than the trucker, thinner, better looking, just as obliging. They drove separately away from the roadhouse, met a mile further at a turn off, and made love in the backseat of the salesman's car for over an hour.

Ben drove out late every night. One time he picked up a long-haired hitchhiker who offered him grass. They smoked and Ben drove twenty-five miles before he got up the courage to ask if he could blow the kid. Sure, the hitchhiker said, unzipping, I was wondering when you were going to ask.

Several times he repeated his first night's success at the diner. He also discovered the Esso station outside of Sagonauk had a removable plank at exactly the right height between the two booths in the men's room. High school boys came there after unsuccessful weekend night petting sessions with their girls; and local older men furtively used his services at various odd hours. Ben became bolder, picking up strangers leaving the roadhouse. He was often misunderstood, sometimes threatened. The bartender, a married partner in the place, offered to guide likely men Ben's way in return for occasional favors. A week later he took his first payment sodomizing Ben on a shiny leather sofa in an office after the roadhouse had closed.

During all of these experiences, Ben never felt less frustrated, less craving of sex, or less in love with Victor Glove. But he told himself that whatever else he was doing, at least it was better than fantasizing about Victor and masturbating. That seemed to help.

Although he had gone to sleep very late, and was even a little drunk when he'd finally gotten back to the cottage, Ben awakened instantly, fully, as soon as he thought he heard the footpads in the darkened room. Fully alert, tensed, he kept his eyes closed, pretending to be asleep. Whoever had stopped at the foot of the bed was looking down at Ben.

Despite his terror, Ben didn't panic. Then, oddly, he felt a wave of intense lust passing through his body. Odd, since the young man he'd spent two hours with on a blanket inside a clearing they'd driven to had been both passionate and solicitous of Ben's pleasure: so that Ben had felt both mollified and physically exhausted when they'd parted with a long, lingering kiss at their cars again. Despite that, Ben now felt a biting, itching erection, a pressing need to masturbate as though he hadn't had sex in a month.

The fear returned. Ben almost shivered. He pretended to be disturbed in his sleep, mumbling loudly, rolling onto one side before waking up.

During his exertions, whomever had been at the foot of his bed left the room. Ben felt alone again. He listened for noises in the other rooms, waited a long time hearing nothing, then got out of bed, and crept first into the corridor, then into the rest of the cottage. The doors were all locked, the rooms empty. Puzzled, wondering if it were a dream, Ben went back to sleep.

Several nights later, he again awakened sensing someone at the foot of his bed. Once more he felt a scalding, sweeping lust over his lower limbs, the need to touch himself. Then fear reasserted itself, and he was cold again. While he was sleepily trying to get out of bed, whoever it was got away. He was certain it wasn't a dream this time.

Ben thought about the matter for the next two days and determined to ask Frances Ormond who else had a set of keys to the little cottage. Walking to the Ormonds' house, he came upon Victor Glove, surprisingly alone, sunning on a blanket spread over the grass behind his A-Frame studio. Victor was clad only in a pair of red, worn swimtrunks and his gloriously tanned body.

Ben moved on with a wave, but Glove hailed him over so insistently that Ben reluctantly joined him, and even took off his shirt to get some sun.

He was "pale as February," Victor told him, and would burn unless he put on some suntan oil. When Ben began to splash it on, the older man said he was doing it all wrong; he would show him how. As Ben lay on his stomach, he expected

to feel the large strong applying hands transformed into messengers of caresses. They weren't. They were brisk, efficient. They spread the lotion evenly: nothing more.

Glove didn't seem to have noticed that Ben had been avoiding him. Their conversation was the usual: what Victor was writing, what Ben was doing, what was happening among the others at the colony.

Ben stayed for almost an hour — once his disturbance at their near-nude closeness had vanished. When he got up and put on his shirt Victor said:

"You ought to get more sun. And rest more. How are you sleeping? You look sort of done in to me."

Ben was so stunned he couldn't answer. Why would Victor say that to him — unless it was Victor himself who was visiting him every night?

When Ben finally did say he was sleeping well, Glove seemed skeptical, then added "well, you know best." When he rolled on his stomach, his wide shoulders, his long, muscled back, two solid buttocks stretching the bright red nylon of his swimtrunks, his thighs and legs — honeybrown and flecked with unbleached hairs — all jumped out at Ben. He wanted to fall down there and kiss and lick every inch of that body for hours on end. The black curly ringlets of Glove's hair shone like white gold in the sun. Shoving his itching hands into his trouser pockets, Ben managed to mumble a supererogatory goodby before fleeing himself away from the spot.

He was imagining things, Ben told himself, walking away. Victor had only asked how Ben was sleeping because he'd probably heard Ben driving past his studio late every night for the past three weeks and was concerned.

Frances Ormond confirmed that she had heard Ben's Volvo at two and three in the morning at least a dozen times. She was far less subtle about it.

"That's the way Stephen Hunter began his terrible descent," she said, "staying out late, getting drunk in roadhouses, coming home late. Summer after summer. Night after night toward the end."

Ben thought it was none of her business, but defended himself by pointing out that he had written the two required stories and had already begun his novel. Late hours helped him work, he said.

She pursed her lips as though to counterattack, but changed the subject, feeding him coffee and freshly baked berry pie instead.

She told Ben no one else had keys to the little cottage. None were needed; the locks didn't work; anyone could get in if they wanted. Stephen Hunter had once told her he'd had enough of locks in the city. He wouldn't have functioning ones out here. It was his undoing, she added, because it enabled his murderer to get at him so easily.

Without much prodding, she narrated the grisly tale of three summer's past. The young vagabond had been captured in a saloon a few towns away. He'd confessed and was imprisoned. At first he made some foolish claim about Stephen owing him money and refusing to pay; about them being friends for years. Under pressure, his story changed into one of revenge. Stephen had molested him, he said. It wasn't convincing, even to the unsophisticated local sheriff.

Back at the little cottage, Ben discovered she was right — all the doors could be opened, the locks just flapped on their hinges. Ought he have them repaired? Yes. But whoever was visiting him at night did nothing but look at him. Was that reason enough to change something Stephen Hunter had done? Ben would never bring anyone back to the colony. He congratulated himself he never had. And he still couldn't get Victor Glove's words earlier that day out of his mind. He was almost certain it was Victor.

So he didn't repair the locks. And the next time he was awakened in the middle of the night and sensed the figure at the foot of the bed, Ben felt only a few seconds of the usual fear. The figure remained motionless. It seemed to be the right size for Glove. Then Ben began to feel the intense warm itch sweeping from the tips of his hair to the soles of his feet.

Slowly pushing down the light blanket, Ben let the dark figure warm him with its gaze, then began touching himself on his legs and groin. He thought he heard a sharpened intake of breath from his visitor, and Ben let go, slowly, luxuriously caressing and stroking himself, thinking of Victor at the foot of the bed watching him, wanting him, not daring to touch him. His climax that night was shared: he was certain of it.

When he opened his eyes, the room was empty.

He was visited every night for several weeks. Every night Ben awakened, sought out the outline of the figure against the lighter darkness of the room and succumbed to fantasies and sex.

During the day he often told himself he ought to be sure it was Victor and not someone else. But who else could it be? He searched the eyes of the other colony members he saw, looking for any signs of guilty secretive interest. He found none. Then he would come upon Victor — racing around the lawns with the big Irish Hound, or sitting reading in a hammock strung outside of Joan's studio — and, though they seldom exchanged more than a few words, every word, every phrase seemed so couched with meanings relevant to their shared nights, Ben was convinced it was Glove.

Didn't everything point to it? Victor's insistence Ben remain at the colony that first night? His friendliness? His increased reticence with Ben since the night visits had begun? He seldom spoke to Ben of Joan, or of their work — as though it had only been an excuse. Ben came to believe their new silence — when they met at the local grocery store, or out on walks — was more eloquent than words. It spelled content.

Ben would be a fool to spoil it. The impossible had become the possible. Not in the open way he'd at first naively imagined, but tacit, secretive, and for that reason somehow more passionate than he'd ever fantasized. Victor must still have hurdles of attitudes, ingrained prejudices to jump before he could admit what he was wanting, feeling. Ben would give him time. Who knew what the next step would be in their growing closeness — so long as Ben didn't force it.

Ben had been visited that night as usual, all his lust and wakefulness drawn from him, as it always was, replaced by deep, calm, dreamy sleep.

People were marching down a small-town street. Batons twirled, trumpets blared, signs and crepe-covered floats sailed past. Children bounced eagerly behind. The drum passed by very close, going bam bam BAM! bam bam BAM! again and again, sounding lovely and rich and mellow at first, then omin-

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ous, then emergent.

Ben awakened to someone hammering on his front door. He thrust open the bedroom window to the cool mountain summer morning. It wasn't quite dawn.

"Ben! What do you know about drugs?" It was Eugene Ormond, evidently recently awakened. If he didn't look so panic-stricken, Ben would have laughed.

"Joan's taken a pile of them. We're sure they're some kind of sleeping pills."

"What did they look like?" Ben asked.

"We found one that fell on the floor," Dr. Ormond showed Ben the red and blue shiny capsule: Tuinals.

Ben dressed and ran out to Ormond's pickup idling in front of the cottage.

"She's got to vomit them up, I suppose," Ben said as they drove toward her studio. "Then black coffee, to keep her stimulated."

"Frances thought the same. I hope she's all right."

"Where's Victor?" Ben asked. "He would have known."

They pulled alongside the studio. Ormond looked at Ben oddly, then said:

"Didn't you know? He's back in New York. Has been for three days. That's what all this is about."

Before Ben could register the news, Dr. Ormond had stopped the truck and was urging him to come inside.

Joan was audibly vomiting. Frances, as audibly, cursing about the stupidity of trying to kill yourself over a man, for Chrissakes, even one like Victor. There was a final spasm of vomiting, quiet, then Frances Ormond half dragged the small woman out of the bathroom and spotting Ben, asked him to help her walk Miss Sampson around a bit while Eugene made coffee, doubly strong coffee.

Their charge was light, but weak; her arms were useless, her head kept lolling against Ben's shoulder; words and saliva dribbled out of her mouth.

They wheeled her around for another five minutes. Another fifteen minutes were spent feeding her the coffee and ensuring she didn't vomit that up too. Then more walking around.

Joan was visibly recovered by the time the phone rang. She still looked awful and had allowed Ben to bring her into the

bedroom where she was noisily sobbing: but at least she was safe.

"Get that, will you Ben?" Mrs. Ormond asked, looking up from where she was cleaning the bathroom tile floor.

Ben lifted the receiver and said hello. There was a confused mumbling from the other side. Then:

"Joan. Is that you?"

Victor Grove: perplexed.

Ben looked away from the phone, unable to say anything for a minute. Holding his hand over the phone, he barely murmured, "It's Victor." Saying the name was more difficult than almost anything he could remember in his life.

"Of course it's Victor!" Frances Ormond said, and came to take the call.

"You see!" Joan sobbed, standing at the threshold of the room. "He's seeing her again. He was with her all last night. He couldn't stay away from her. That's why he went back."

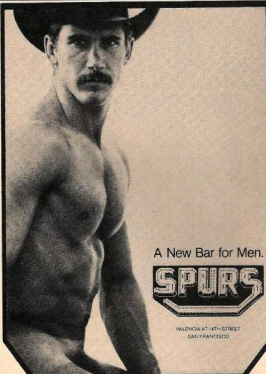
Frances Ormond hushed her. Ben moved away from then, feeling as though he were on the set of a movie where everyone was playing a known role and only he didn't know the scenario. He couldn't believe that Victor was in New York; yet there he was calling long distance in response to a call Mrs. Ormond had put through.

Ben walked slowly back to the little cottage. He felt dazed by the morning's events, but not so distracted he didn't notice it had rained the night before: the dirt around the cottage was still damp though drying fast. Two sets of footprints led to the tire tracks of the pickup. No other marks of someone walking around were visible.

That night he drank some brandy which kept him awake longer and made his sleep lighter than usual. When he was awakened during the night by the urgent panting breath at the foot of his bed, he immediately turned to the bed table and turned on the lamp.

The room was empty.

Energized by a need to know, Ben leapt out of bed and ran out into the other rooms. He even looked outside. When he returned to the bedroom a few minutes later, he thought he saw a wisp of smoke curling into the lower edges of the large storage closet. The closet was empty. But the morning chill



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caught up with him there, and he began to shiver so badly he had to get in bed and pull up the covers, waiting for sunlight.

"Stephen Hunter was homosexual, wasn't he?"

Frances Ormond looked across the distressed oak parquet of the old table at Ben.

"I guess they still don't talk much about those matters in college do they?" she asked, instead of answering him.

"The vagabond who murdered him was a hustler, wasn't he?"

"You seem to know all the answers. Why ask?"

"In the bedroom?"

"Stephen tried to get away," she said. "In the closet."

Ben wasn't surprised to hear it; only vaguely chilled to know his line of reasoning had been so on target.

"And Victor and Stephen were friends, weren't they?"

"Not by then, they weren't. They had been close friends. That summer they had a falling out."

"Because Victor wouldn't sleep with him?"

"You do have all the answers, don't you? Yes, Victor looked up to Stephen as though he were a god. But he couldn't bring himself to love him that way. Generous as Victor is with himself. I sometimes think he's too generous sometimes. People want more than he can give."

"And that's when Stephen began picking up hustlers?"

"No he'd done that long before he met Victor. You've read the sequence called 'Broken Bones,' haven't you?"

"Years ago," Ben admitted. He'd never thought it was about hustlers.

Frances got up from the table and went to another room. She returned with a copy of Hunter's *Collected Poems*. Ben found the page and reread the first few poems in the sequence. He was shaken by the harsh, beautiful images of lust and fear.

"And this is why you said you thought I was heading in the same direction?" Ben asked her.

"I don't care what you do. Just be careful."

"I've never brought anyone back to the cottage."

"Borrow the book," she pleaded. "Read him again, Ben. He has a great deal to tell you. All the great poets do. But I think he has a special message for you."

Like every literature student of his generation, Ben had read several of Stephen Hunter's poems in class, and had even memorized one — a sonnet: "August, and the scent of tragic leafburn." Aside from that one, however, Ben had always thought Hunter overrated. He had preferred the more formal poets — Stevens and Auden and Aiken — to what he termed the wild men: Dylan Thomas, Lowell, and especially Stephen Hunter. Not that his opinion made any difference. Hunter was in every anthology; his work written about, eulogized, discussed, reinterpreted.

Ben rediscovered him, reading through the poems in two days, rereading them again, then selecting out single poems and analyzing them.

Hunter's famous *Odes to an Unruined Statue* were suddenly opened to Ben as though they had been written in a language he could never understand until now. Victor was the beautiful man/object — the unattainable: Hunter, the critical observer and adoring fantasist. The *Window Elegies*, that dozen intensely wrought series of dense metaphors and precise yet oddly angled images were illuminated as though a light had been switched on in a basement room. Their visionary style and metaphysical message were all held together by carefully delineated details of different windows through which the poet had seen a loved one. The description in the second elegy was clearly that of Victor's A-frame studio here at the colony; the window Hunter had looked through night after night, spying on Victor.

Ben didn't go near the large closet, which he never used anyway. Nor did he sleep in the bedroom.

He felt safe on the living room sofa, even though it was cramped. And, whether it was because of his intense new fear, or whether there was a natural boundary to the presence, Ben was not awakened once by his nocturnal visitor while he slept there.

The locks were repaired, of course, just as a precaution. And he began to haunt his previous places of fast, usually anonymous sex, returning home late at night and sleeping deeply. When he didn't go out, he would stay awake at night,

working, and sleep during the day. Everything he did seemed tinged by an undercurrent of excitement, as though anticipation were slowly building, but toward what end he couldn't even begin to say.

Glove returned to the colony. Ben sometimes came upon him swimming at the pond. Although Joan was no longer with him, and the older man waved Ben over to join him, Ben would plead an excuse and quickly leave. The one time Ben and he were thrown together — for dinner at the Ormonds — they found they had nothing to say to each other.

What Ben had thought to be a mutual secret content, he now saw otherwise: Victor was perceptive enough to understand what Ben wanted from him; he was trying to avoid having the same kind of problem he'd had with Stephen Hunter.

Ben knew that evening he'd fallen out of love with Victor. The golden aura that used to light the other man's steps through the tall grass, the sparkle that used to dapple his dark curls as he lay in the sun were gone. His eyes seemed tired, his face lined, his laughter constrained.

Ben knew why too. No man he could ever deem desirable would have been fool enough to not give so simple a matter as his body to a once in a lifetime met genius like Stephen Hunter.

It was August when Ben moved back into the bedroom. "August, and the scent of tragic leafburn," he reminded himself, when he awakened once more out of a deep sleep. He knew instantly that the presence at the foot of his bed was Stephen Hunter.

His body was beginning to tingle warm under the blanket cover he had protectively pulled up in that instant of realization. But Ben still shivered. The air about him stirred in cool eddies unlike any air he'd ever known. He heard what seemed to be fragments of whispered lines from poems, pleas, demands, obscenities. Stephen knew Ben: knew who he was, what he wanted, what he'd given up. Ben's teeth began to chatter. All he had to do was to reach over to the lamp table and put on the light, and he'd be alone, well, out of harm's reach. But if he did that Stephen might never come back to

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him. Ben wasn't sure he wanted that either.

He suddenly thought of Victor Glove. Large, muscled, beautiful generous Victor. He thought of Victor's smile, the bulge of his crotch in those tan worn cordorouys, the roundness of his buttocks in those scarlet swimtrunks, his rippling chest, his furrowed back, those ringlets of black curls, his Florentine profile.

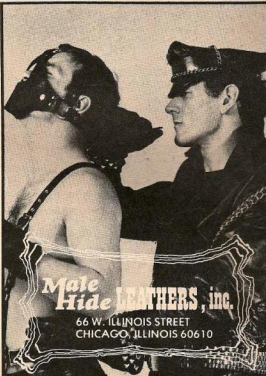
The room became warm and still. So warm. Ben had to push the blanket away from him, letting the heat seethe around his body.

Keeping his eyes closed, Ben thought of Victor walking, running, swimming. Then someone else pushed Victor out of the picture and came into focus: a broad-shouldered, tall, thick-bodied man with intelligent deepset eyes of indeterminate color, a craggy face, long straight honeycolored hair, straggly moustache and beard: the face, the body, the very photograph from the frontispiece of the *Collected Poems*.

Stephen Hunter was a great poet. A genius. A man who'd felt as deeply as spontaneously as an oil geyser. He'd flown higher than a parachute jumper on mere thought. He'd filled himself with a wisdom and suffering equal to any philosopher, any monarch. Compared to him, Victor was an oversized primate.

Ben relaxed, seeing without sight the figure moving in front of him, as though undressing, feeling the figure reach out and slowly caress Ben, the multicolored eyes gleaming softly, the mouth working to form wonderfully original words of man-love lewdnesses. The raking gaze swept over Ben's body like electric fire. Only such a genius could provoke, could produce such utter pleasure, Ben thought — as he gave in.

He was only slightly jolted when Stephen Hunter accepted. The sudden touch was of large warm hands pressing upon his spread thighs, the brush of warm skin on either side of his loins, like a soft large cat. But the tongue that invisibly licked before engulfing him was that of a man, the long bony nose and unkempt facial hair, when Ben reached down to gingerly touch them, those of Hunter's photoimage; and Ben knew he had finally found what he'd come to Sagoaponauk Rock Colony looking for, and why that first sunset had been filled with implications he could not at first decipher.



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By the end of the summer Ben was a complete recluse. He had not been seen by anyone in the colony in weeks when most of the members went back to their teaching posts around the country. Joan Sampson and the Ormonds — the last to leave, in mid-September — tried to find him, but gave up after a series of attempts.

Both the Ormonds and Victor Glove used the house on a long late October weekend. The little cottage was empty, lived-in, although increasingly messy, dusty, ill-cared for. Victor felt guilty about the boy, and waited for hours one afternoon, then searched the area until sunset made it impossible. He left notes that were never answered and were never found on subsequent visits.

On his Thanksgiving break, Victor again drove up to the colony, this time to close off the water pipes against the winter and to make certain all of the houses were locked. He once more drove to the little cottage, hoping to find Ben and to talk him out of his foolish decision to remain isolated. He didn't find the boy; but walking away from the little cottage, he gasped when he noticed the roof of Ben's Volvo sticking up out of one edge of the pond.

Although the pond was dragged by State and local police for two days no body was ever found.

Victor relayed the sad, ambiguous news to Frances Ormond, who contacted Ben's family in Eastern Long Island. Neither of them heard from his relatives again.

The last two days of the Christmas holidays, Frances Ormond drove up to the colony by herself. She found several studios broken into: cans of tinned food opened, eaten, discarded. She cleaned up, repaired the windows and doors with local help, gathered all the remaining canned foods in the studios, bought more at the grocery store and dropped them off in a large cardboard box near the little cottage. She never told anyone she did this. Secretly, she was proud and envious that Ben had gone and done what she'd always wanted to do — to live here all year.

It turned out to be an extremely fierce New England winter. Storms raged weeks at a time. All but main highways were blocked by high snow drifts, and after, by ice layers most of which lasted until late March. Livestock froze in heated barns. Old people were stranded and died. Children and stragglers from stalled cars were lost in blizzards for months. Many local farmers closed up their houses and went south. Others remained indoors, barely surviving.

Even though they managed to get into the colony by early March, the snow plows couldn't get anywhere near the little cottage.

Easter brought on the first thaw. Victor drove up to the colony, bitterly hoping he would find the boy, and that Ben would finally listen to reason.

The door to the little cottage was still iced over and had to be kicked hard to open.

Inside, the main rooms were icily cold. Fires had been built, tin cans charred over the fire. Kerosene liters and sterno cans littered the living room floor. But Victor couldn't tell how long they'd lain there, a day or a month. It did seem as though the boy had gotten through the winter. That was a relief. He'd probably suffered so much he'd return with Victor to the city without much urging. Victor sat down to wait.

Although it was still cold, something else seemed to be missing from the cottage that Victor couldn't at first define: a disturbance he'd almost subconsciously felt every time he'd been here since they'd discovered Stephen Hunter's corpse in the storage closet.

When it finally was too cold to stay seated, Victor got up to leave the cottage. He wrote a note to Ben saying he would be at his studio; Ben could find him there. He was about to walk outside when he realized the bedroom door was closed.

Could the boy be hiding there?

Victor opened the bedroom door and remained quite still for a very long time.

The nude emaciated body of Ben Apres was stretched out as though in utter ecstasy on the bed. His skin was ashen, pale blue with frost, perfectly preserved down to the few frozen drops of semen that had splattered his gaunt abdomen and hung off the tip of his erection.

Victor understood why he no longer sensed the supercharged presence: the insatiable Stephen Hunter had finally found someone worthy of his love.

BLACK MASK PARTY



AT THE MINESHAFT

photos by Yank

Body Sculptures by Tom Claypool



Even on a regular weekday night the Mineshaft is a place to lose yourself. To submerge your day-to-day identity into a wallowing pool of raw masculine sexuality. In the darkest hours of the darkest nights the men arrive at the infamous club hidden deep within the meatpacking district of New York, north of the Village, south of Chelsea — no man's land. They enter America's most famous den and shed their clothes, retaining only the props for the new, subterranean selves they chose this murky world to



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see.

But once a year even the most voracious men in New York go one step further. Once a year the Mineshaft hosts the Black Mask Party. They come in special numbers for the event. Bus loads of hungry men descend on New York from Washington, Philadelphia, who knows where else. The fist fuckers, the piss drinkers, the cock suckers, the sadists, the pigs, all of them line up at the door and use the obligatory black masks to get ready to shed even one more layer



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of American respectability and approach one more step toward sexual fulfillment of their obsessive desires.

No party, no matter how large, can help but benefit from some mood setting. This year, the New York leather world's answer to Halston did the honors. Tom Copeland arranged a very special gallery of bondage sculptures to help everyone get into the swing of things.

One body hung in inverse suspension for more time than anyone thought possible, another was sewn cocoon-like in a body harness and hung from the ceiling, another was kept in an all metal, all purpose pig pen, waiting for the farmers of the night's desires to come plow him with their cocks, water him with their piss or just to watch his groveling body,



DROOL SHAVE TIT WHIP BALLS PIERCE THRUST LUSTY SLEAZY SHIT TONGUE ASS DICK, K





begging them to come closer — for what-
ever. The star of the night was the young
man bound up in a refrigerator, be-
fittingly surrounded by slabs of bologna
and dabs of cherry yogurt.

Oh, the sculptures worked, by the
way. They did certainly set the tone of
the party. It was sleazier than ever.
More cock, more piss, more flesh, more
leather, more groans, more sex, more
crisco, more men. That's become the
motto of the Mineshaft: More, more,
more. As its reputation grows and its at-
tendance continues to climb higher and
higher, its life gets longer and longer, we
all wonder:

Where can this end?

— John Preston



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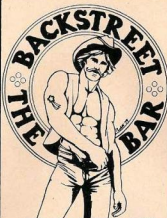


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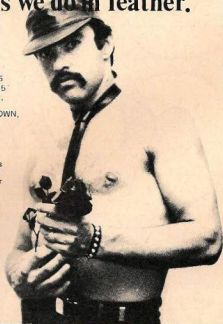
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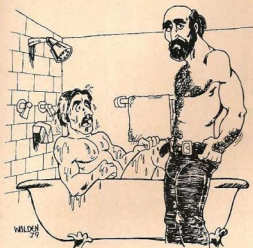
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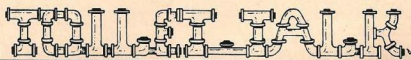
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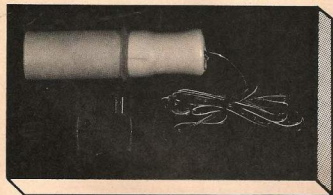
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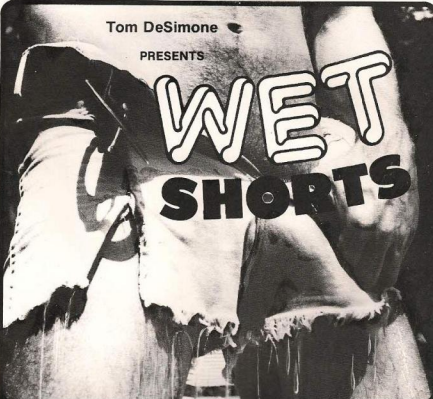
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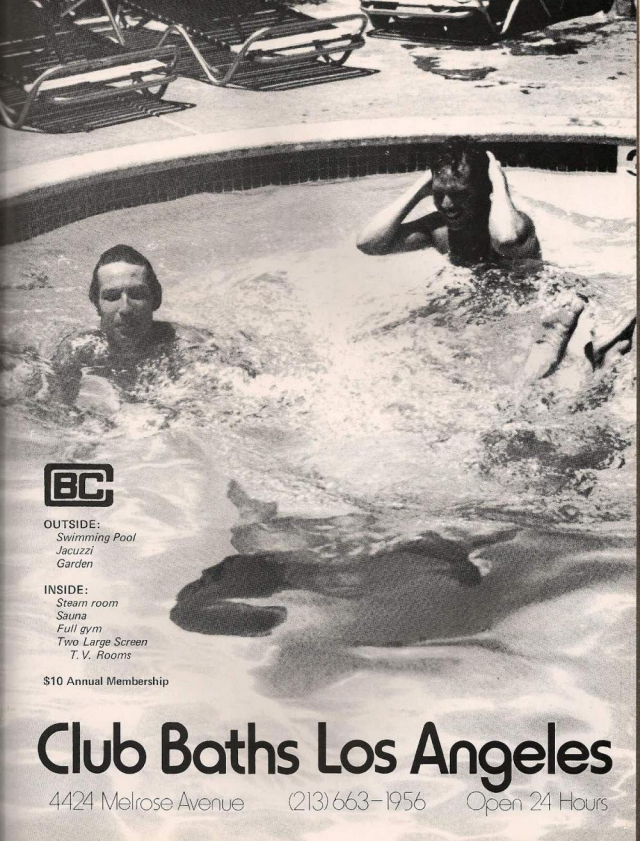
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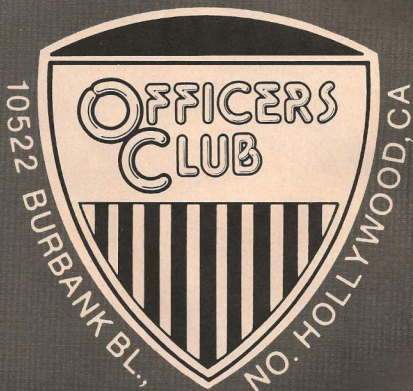


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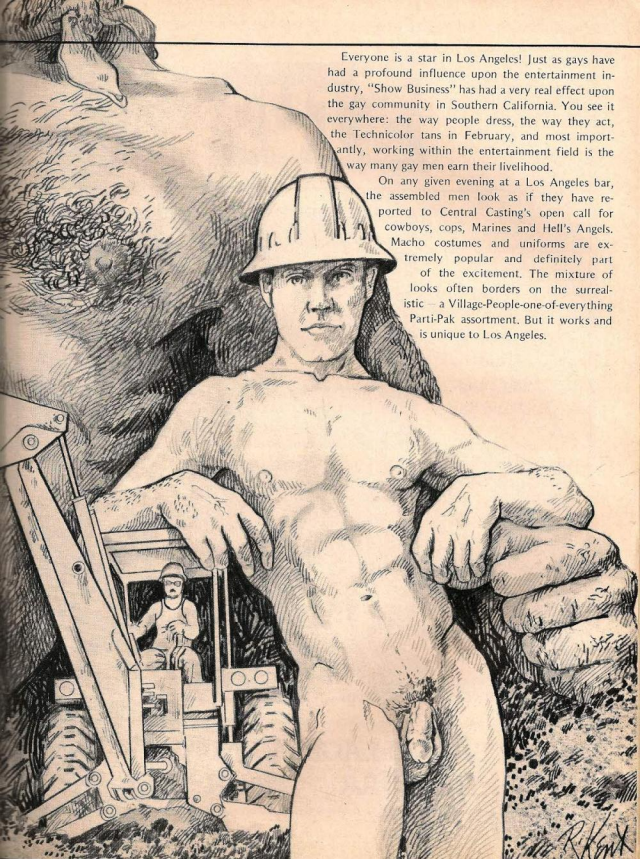
DONALD CRESPIEL — C O

L.A. PLAYS WITH ITSELF



Everyone is a star in Los Angeles! Just as gays have had a profound influence upon the entertainment industry, "Show Business" has had a very real effect upon the gay community in Southern California. You see it everywhere: the way people dress, the way they act, the Technicolor tans in February, and most importantly, working within the entertainment field is the way many gay men earn their livelihood.

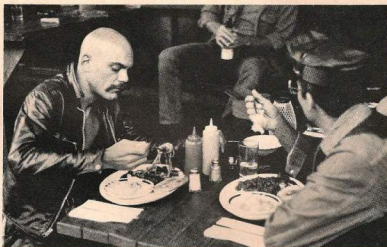
On any given evening at a Los Angeles bar, the assembled men look as if they have reported to Central Casting's open call for cowboys, cops, Marines and Hell's Angels. Macho costumes and uniforms are extremely popular and definitely part of the excitement. The mixture of looks often borders on the surrealistic—a Village-People-one-of-everything Parti-Pak assortment. But it works and is unique to Los Angeles.



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**EAST END VILLAGE'S HUNKY WESTERN
& LEATHER BAR 4216 MELROSE AVE.**

Acting out your favorite macho fantasy, being someone different for an evening of sex, is highly encouraged and been elevated to an art form. Adding a definite spice to the fun and games, as your eyes cruise a room full of hot and horny cops and cowboys, you will often spot a real star — someone you recognize from a motion picture or TV show. But is he anymore of a real cowboy than the man next to him? In Los Angeles, the line between reality and fantasy is often blurred. But the goal is very specific: to heighten sexual arousal, to achieve something beyond vanilla sex, to bring a measure of sleazy excitement to the end of a dull day at the office. Who can argue with that?

But "No pictures, please!" Hollywood still has a paranoia about hiring out-of-the-closet gays. If you want to be in the movies (and we're not talking about eight millimeter), you don't have to be straight, but you had better act straight. There are of course the exceptions to the rule, a few outrageous queens who portray stereotypical fags in films. However, for the most part, Hollywood establishment is still trying to maintain the wholesome family image of the Fifties. Any kind of morals charge results in unemployment — it is a standard clause of every movie contract.

This is not to ignore the fact that many hot looking men have signed their contracts in the producer's bedroom. The casting couch is a reality in Hollywood, and there are as many dirty old women as men willing to take advantage of the newcomer to town.

And the newcomers are numerous. Los Angeles has the most beautiful, hot, handsome, built men in the world. They flock there in search of stardom, they stick around for the action. Los Angeles has a thriving macho gay community. It was after all the birthplace of *Drummer Magazine*. But being the city of ambition that it is, many leathermen have found it necessary to compartmentalize their lives, keeping their personal life very personal. However, when you get them behind closed doors, watch out! Los Angeles boasts the most elaborate private playrooms and dungeons in the world, equipped with every conceivable gadget, device and instrument of pain and pleasure the human mind can imagine. Underneath the show biz patina are hot, heavy and horny men ready for real action.

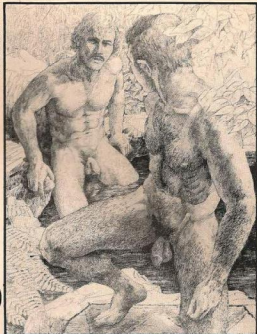
About the Author:

The author and photographer who created most of this special section on Los Angeles is Jim Moss. A true child of Hollywood, "little Jimmie Moss" appeared in over 30 major films and 100 television shows during the 40's and 50's. As far as he knows, he is the only child star to go on to become a professional gay.

After study at Columbia University, Mr. Moss went on to a career in magazines and has had over 50 short stories published, 100 articles and "an untold number of photographs." His writing and photos have appeared in major publications such as *Good Housekeeping*, *After Dark*, *True*, *New York Times*, *London Times*, *Los Angeles Times*.

LAY OF THE LAND

illustration/R. Kent



If you want to get laid in Los Angeles, you had better learn the lay of the land quickly. This sprawling metropolis (in area the largest city in the world) can be confusing to the visitor at first. This is compounded by the fact that you must have a car and drive yourself — public transportation is totally inadequate for a night on the town hitting the bars and clubs. Car rental agencies, incidentally, abound and are very competitive.

Your reference point: Hollywood. Centrally located to most of the action in Los Angeles of interest to *Drummer* readers is Hollywood. In Los Angeles parlance, "Hollywood is only minutes away from everything." Distance in Los Angeles is not measured in miles, but in minutes. Los Angeles' extraordinary freeway system makes this an accurate method of judging the closeness of two places. Although it may sound strange at first, everyone quickly adapts to relating to distance in terms of time. Important points of interest in Hollywood are: The Academy, an elegant uniform bar and restaurant; the Century Theatre specializing in male erotic films; The Eagle, a Levi-Western-Leather bar; The Spike, a Levi-Western-Leather bar; Griff's a Leather bar; The Pleasure Chest, the largest erotic store in Los Angeles.

To the West of Hollywood is an area logically called West Hollywood, or more affectionately known by the locals as "Boy's Town." This is one of the few compact gay neighborhoods of Los Angeles where you can walk from one bar to another. Here, you are virtually seconds away from anything. The hot spots of Boy's Town are: Motherlode, the area's most popular bar, done in a gold rust motif; Studio One, the leading Los Angeles disco and show lounge; the Blue Parrot, a legendary favorite; Rogues, a

bathhouse; and some great shops such as Side Street, the Sports Locker, and Ah Men.

To the North of Hollywood is the Valley, often referred to as North Hollywood. Here is an emerging gay community that, according to one bar owner, hopes to fashion itself after San Francisco's Folsom. Two new bars, the Officer's Club and Rawhide, have just recently opened and breathed new life into this neighborhood. The Officer's Club is a uniform bar; Rawhide is a huge bar with a live Country and Western band seven nights a week.

Going East from Hollywood you hit Los Angeles proper. Here you will find: the Los Angeles Club Baths with very complete facilities; the Leathermaker, the man who invented black leather chaps. Further East is an area that has named itself "East End Village" and is the home of: The Stud, one of the city's most popular leather bars; Leather Trade, a new store specializing in leather clothing; The Zoo, a restaurant; and other shops such as Worn Out West and Kitchen Stuff.

Also East of Hollywood is the big news — Silver Lake. In the last year this neighborhood has had an explosion of gay business and is soon to dominate the gay social life of Los Angeles. Here you will find: Jungle, the city's most popular bar done in a military motif; The One Way, the city's most heavy duty leather bar; and other bars such as the Lumber Yard, the Salvage Yard, the Bunkhouse and the Hyperion Baths. Many gays have moved to this area, drawn by the beautiful hills, inexpensive rents and hot action. Also, many of the businesses are within walking distance which makes an evening of bar-hopping quite easy.

The Griffin Lives.....



5574 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90038

BARS

ONE WAY

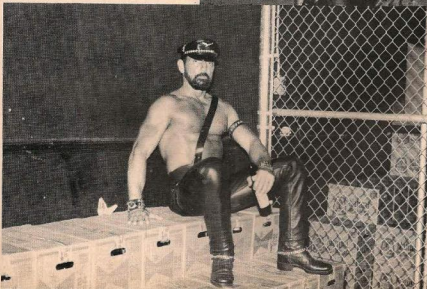
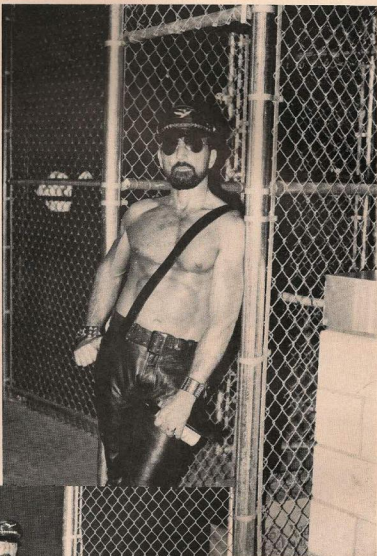
This is the heavy-duty leather bar of Los Angeles. It stands above all others as a strictly leather-oriented club. It is for purists who are true devotees of the scene. Mike, the owner, one of the hottest men in Los Angeles, sets the tone and feeling of this bar which has become something of a legend.

The decor is high-tech, chain-link fencing with black walls. The space is interestingly broken up, yet you can see every part of the bar from almost any vantage point. The back patio is a split-level meat rack where the prime cuts of L.A. hang out on warm Southern California evenings.

The musical programming deserves special attention. This is one of the few places that features advanced rock and roll and new wave music as a steady diet. The music is so important to the One Way that, even though it is a small bar, it has a live D.J.

If you are into leather and you are going to only one bar, make it the One Way. And make it late as the bar usually doesn't get going 'til after 11 pm. Featured in the photo is Val Martin, no stranger to the pages of *Drummer*, who makes this his home away from home — need we say more.

612 North Hoover
Silver Lake, Los Angeles, CA
(213) 660-9847





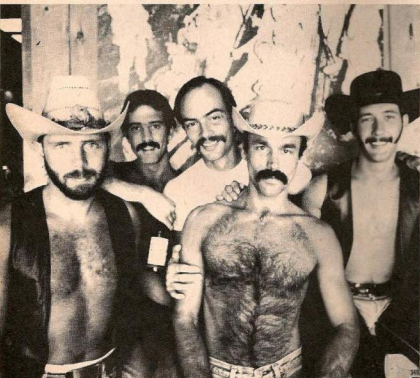
OFFICER'S CLUB

Attention to detail best describes the Officer's Club, the newest bar in North Hollywood. Extraordinary care in carrying through the uniform look makes this one of the smartest little bars to be found anywhere. Their beautifully designed military logo is found repeated on the beer mugs, metal badges of various sizes, in the ash and even on the bottom of the ash trays. All the bartenders have regulation police uniforms, a well-groomed appearance and a proper manner.

Donald Crespinel is the Commanding Officer at the Officer's Club. He is an attractive and friendly gentleman who spends considerable time in his bar — in fact, he is often found behind the bar.

Many of the bar's clientele are in uniforms, too. So if this is your trip, this is the place. The bars in Los Angeles, incidentally, are probably the most uniform oriented in the world. The Officer's Club has now taken this attitude to its highest level.

**10522 Burbank Blvd.
North Hollywood, CA
(213) 760-9563**



MOTHER LODGE

This Spring was the opening of West Hollywood's newest and most successful bar — the Mother Lode. Created for your pleasure by the same talented team that built the Eagle up to one of Hollywood's most popular watering holes, the Mother Lode was an instant success. Packed day and night, it has become the favorite cruising spot of the local residents as well as the tourists who flock to "Boy's Town."

Located at "ground zero" so to speak, it is a short walk from Mother Lode to the shops, bars, discos and restaurants that collectively make "Boy's Town" the most compact and interesting gay neighborhood in Los Angeles. This area is active during the day as well as the evening; and the Mother Lode (as does all the other gay bars in the area) opens early to serve shoppers.

The Mother Lode is decorated in a Gold Rush motif with large photos of California's exciting Wild West period. The clientele and bartenders range in dress from cowboys to casual Southern California sportswear. Western clothing rather than leather is the dominant theme.

**8944 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Hollywood, CA 90069
(213) 659-9700**

THE STUD

One of the three major leather/Western bars in Los Angeles, The Stud generates a very friendly atmosphere that immediately makes one at ease. It is where many of the heavy-duty types let their hair down and relax.

The Stud has a kitchen and patio that is very popular on weekends, and on Tuesdays when they have a special spaghetti feed at 8 pm for \$2 that draws multitudes. The bar opens daily at 11 am with lunch starting at noon.

Part of a growing gay community East of Hollywood, the Stud and its neighbors have dubbed the area "East End Village" trying to give the place an identity of its own. The Stud's close neighbors include: Worn Out West, Leather Trade, and Kitchen Stuff; all open in the daytime. It is the perfect place for a drink or a quick bite to eat when shopping at these stores on Heliotropic just down Melrose from the bar.

At night, the atmosphere is very different. This is a very cruisy bar where you can actually make out. Dress ranges from T-shirts with Levi's to leather and western and uniforms. This bar is a must see for visitors to Los Angeles.

4216 Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA
(213) 660-0889



THE SPIKE

Recently remodeled, the Spike is one of the most masculine atmospheres in Hollywood. The sound system warrants special note: It is the cleanest and best sound in any bar along Santa Monica Blvd. And as a special treat, the bar has a live D.J. to play for the room.

In the back, there is a small outdoor patio area with a bar and a Bar B. Q. pit where on weekends and special holidays food is served.

The Spike opens early in the day and is a perfect spot for afternoon cocktails while shopping at the Pleasure Chest directly across the street. Close to many other bars along Santa Monica, The Spike should be put on any evening bar-hopping tour of Hollywood/West Hollywood. The Spike is one of the more leather oriented bars in the area and *Drummer* readers will feel right at home. Western and uniform clothing is also popular as well as the ubiquitous Levi's and T-shirt. Definitely friendly and festive, the Spike is active at all hours and is an easy make-out bar. So expecting a good time and you will.

7746 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90046
(213) 656-9343





RAW HIDE

If you are a true devotee of the cowboy scene and never, ever take your hat off, you'll love Raw Hide. New and very successful, Raw Hide is a huge bar that has become cowboy heaven on earth.

Live Country/Western bands seven nights a week, this has to be the most toe-tapping spot in Los Angeles. Not to be missed is Lonnie the singing bartender, featured in the photo, being backed up by the house band. The house band plays most nights; but on special occasions you get outside talents such as Pearl. Scheduled for the future are some big names that are to be announced through the local gay media — look for their ads.

Inside the bar is a small leather shop and bookstore, the PX, which also has a larger store at another location. Here you can buy *Drummer Magazine*, leather goods, toys and other items to make your evening fun.

Raw Hide is one of two new bars in this area which is experiencing a true gay renaissance. Ron, one of the owners of Raw Hide, is anxious for other bars to open along Burbank Blvd. and sees the neighborhood as becoming Los Angeles' equivalent of San Francisco's Folsom district.

10937 Burbank Blvd.
North Hollywood, CA
(213) 760-9798



GRIFF'S

Among the most leather oriented bars in Los Angeles, Griff's is located right across the street from Paramount Studios. Although Griff's is very leather, the owners and bartenders are not without a sense of humor as the photo demonstrates. The people who operate and congregate at this bar know how to have a good time.

Very involved in activities, Griff's team in the Los Angeles Gay softball league now stands at this writing at 19 wins and no losses, the most incredible record any team has as yet achieved. This team spirit and devotion to the bar has made this place a home away from home for a whole generation of leathermen.

As one of the three leather bars in Los Angeles, *Drummer Magazine* readers will want to put this place on their must see list. Griff's opens early in the afternoon for cocktails and really gets rolling in the early evening. Go expecting a hot time.

Griff's is near a number of leather-oriented shops such as the Leathermaker and the Leather Trade as well as the Stud bar. This area has much to offer those into the macho scene.

5574 Melrose
Los Angeles, CA
(213) 464-5576

THE EAGLE

One of the most popular and established Leather/western bars in Los Angeles, the Eagle is jammed to the rafters with Hollywood's most attractive men seven nights a week. The attraction is a friendly ambiance and congenial clientele. You can actually meet someone at the Eagle — the men who frequent this bar are out for fun.

Although it is not a large bar, the Eagle has gone the full measure to make your evening a memorable one! A live DJ provides the music programming; the rear room has a bar and pool table that is the focus of some of the "hottest games" in town.

The bar attracts a western/leather/levi crowd that matches its masculine decor. Opening early in the day, the Eagle is a great place for cocktail hour when shopping or visiting other establishments along Santa Monica Blvd.

The Eagle, incidentally, recently opened another bar, the Mother Lodge, which has become West Hollywood's most popular bar. Between the two of them, you have all bases covered and a guaranteed good time.

**7864 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood, CA
(213) 654-3252**



SALVAGE YARD

**1935 Hyperion
Silver Lake, CA
(213) 664-6994**

Two new bars have opened right next door to each other on Hyperion, making this street one of the major gay business centers in Los Angeles. A number of gay establishments such as the Hyperion Baths, Swap Meat and Woody's Hyperion have been in business on Hyperion for some time.

The Salvage Yard, formerly Pure Trash, has been completely remodeled and enlarged. It now is a bar on many levels with a huge outdoor patio and balcony.

The Lumber Yard has a small front bar and rear dance floor. Formerly, the Lumber Yard was Jack Wrangler's. It is open after hours on weekends.

Directly across the street from these two bars is the Casita Del Campo, the most popular Mexican restaurant with gays in Los Angeles.

**LUMBER YARD
1941 Hyperion
Silver Lake, CA**



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PRICES ALL DAY!**
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**The
IN TOUCH
Lounge**

5248 Van Nuys Boulevard

Van Nuys, Ca 91401

(213) 981-6893

Cocktail hours: 3 to 6 p.m.
(Tues. through Fri.; Mondays till 2 a.m.)

DRIVESHAFT

Here is a great little neighborhood leather/Levi bar. The men are friendly and hunky. The patio is very popular on warm Valley evenings. A new face is always welcomed as most of the clientele is from the local area.

THE HAYLOFT

The Hayloft is very much a Hollywood oriented bar — films are shown every night of the week, and on Saturdays and Sundays there's a double feature. Often one can see a surprise first-run full-length movie for free.

This bar also has the distinction of being one of the few after-hours bars in

Los Angeles. It's a very late crowd and the cruising gets really heavy after 2 a.m. Leather Unlimited maintains a small shop inside of the Hayloft to fulfill your needs.

**13751 Victory Blvd.
Van Nuys, CA
(213) 997-9067**

LA BAR

The LA Bar has started to jump with its new manager Michael Cascone. The bar is now having regular Bar-B-Que's and has attracted a number of new patrons, including the much needed support of the ICAU leagues for their meeting area. Becoming much more sports oriented, the Bar is also sponsoring its own tennis

team.

Right along the Santa Monica strip, LA is a perfect place to hit as you bar hop this major gay boulevard in the evening. Incidentally, there is parking available.

**8265 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Hollywood, CA
(213) 656-8930**

IN TOUCH LOUNGE

Brought to you by the Men at In Touch Magazine, this valley bar is a casual place to cruise or bring your lover to disco. The decor is slick, the lights are well done and the music is hot. The best part of In Touch is the area distribution. You can sit in the lounge area and have a quiet conversation, while watching the wild disco floor thru glass.

In Touch attracts a young crowd, and those who are looking for something 'tender' to take home and consume. The walls are graced with those notorious In Touch Models and you'll find a few of 'em out there dancing their asses off too.

**4852 Van Nuys Blvd.
Van Nuys, CA
(213) 981-6933**

PROBE

A private disco club, Probe is the center of much of the macho action among gay men who like to dance. Decorated in a very masculine modern manner, Probe has one of the best sound systems in all of Los Angeles, created by Graeber of New York City. As a private club with rather tight control at the door, it is almost necessary that you know a member

to get in, especially on weekends.

Probe is an afterhours club. It usually doesn't get going strong until after midnight, with the major action starting after the bars close at 2 A.M. A real treat for those who like to dance — if you can get in.

**836 No. Highland
Hollywood, CA
(213) 461-8301**

STUDIO ONE

One word can accurately describe Studio One — an institution. Award winning disco, award winning DJ's, award winning just about everything. Studio One is a vast entertainment complex including bars, one of the largest dance floors in Los Angeles and a show room, the Back Lot, that headlines some of the biggest talents in Hollywood. To list the performers who have played Studio One over the years would take much more room than we have here.

Studio One is the flag ship of Scott Forbes' Enterprises which includes The L.A. Bar and his special production company that has brought gay people such milestone events as Gay Day at Disney-

land (which drew some 40,000 people and garnered international publicity). This man has brought more entertainment to more gay people than anyone else in the world.

Recently remodeled, Studio One is now a high-tech extravaganza that nightly attracts thousands of Los Angeles' most beautiful people. It is also a favorite of those who work in the recording industry. It is indeed where the Hollywood entertainment people go to play. Studio One is a short walk from some of West Hollywood's most interesting bars and shops.

**652 North La Peer Drive
West Hollywood, CA 90069
(213) 659-0471**



JUNGLE

The most popular bar in all of Los Angeles is Jungle. Decorated in a high-tech military motif this bar took off like a rocket. It is a complete entertainment complex: a large bar in the front with a small dance floor, a live DJ, a large garden complex with outdoor bar and a snack shop called The Canteen.

Located in Silver Lake, the new gay neighborhood, this bar has become the focus of social life in this area. On special evenings there is entertainment by major performers with no cover such as: Jean Shy, The Skatt Brothers, Swing and The Campers — and this is just since their opening on Memorial Day.

Every detail of Jungle is done with great style including its poster, a 17 by 25 inch version of the ad in this issue. This full color poster has been the most successful bar poster in years. It can be gotten by mail for \$2 plus \$1 for postage and handling by writing the bar, Jungle, incidentally, is a brother establishment to the famous West Hollywood bar, The Blue Parrot.

3626 Sunset Blvd.
Silver Lake,
Los Angeles, CA 90048
(213) 666-3736



Skatt Brothers at Jungle.

Gauntlet

*Jewelry for
exotic piercings*



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Los Angeles, California 90069
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SHOPS

THE PLEASURE CHEST

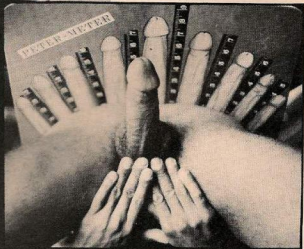
A virtual shopping center of sexually oriented items, The Pleasure Chest is one room after another featuring different categories of items of interest to the leatherman.

One whole area is devoted to magazines and books and is one of the few places in the United States that stocks back issues of *Drummer Magazine*. If someone has ripped off your favorite copy, you can always replace it here.

Another room features shoes and boots, including some of the snappiest cowboy boots to be found anywhere. Other areas are devoted to leather clothing and sex toys of such a range and variety as to boggle the mind. If your fantasy needs any inspiration, The Pleasure Chest is the place to get educated. There is hardly a sexually oriented item created in the world that they do not stock and have available for immediate purchase.

Opening at 11 am, the store remains open until 11 pm. It has a large parking lot for the convenience of its customers who range from tourists to Hollywood starlets out shopping for a whip. A visit to the Pleasure Chest is indeed an experience — the variety of items available is overwhelming, so plan on browsing for a while. The store is conveniently located to many of the leather/western bars on Santa Monica Blvd., all of which are open by noon.

7733 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90046
(213) 650-1022



L.A., We Love You

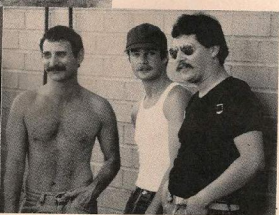
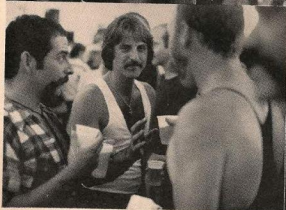






GRAND OPENING

When *The Pleasure Chest* moved to its super large new store, they celebrated the reopening with a smashingly successful whole-day party. The parking lot was covered with a circus tent, there was live music, refreshments, and an eye-boggling fashion show, featuring some of the hot wear available from the store. As the afternoon heat came beating down, the shirts came off, the crowd got hot, and the party is still being talked about.



PLASTIC MAN

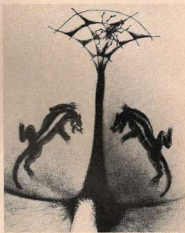
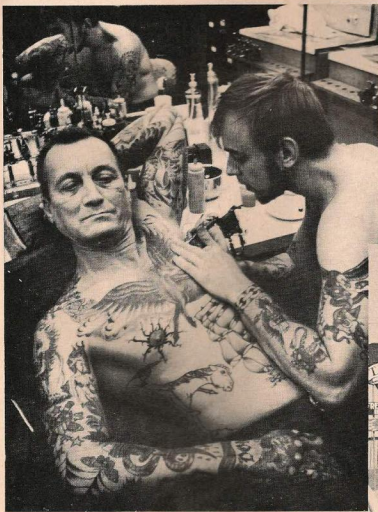
In terms of relating to the human body in a plastic sense (and we're not talking about latex), Los Angeles must hold some sort of record. People change and alter their physical form here the way some people change underwear. Los Angeles has to be the face-lift capital of the world — not to mention silicone tits and ass, artificial tans, electrolysis of the whatever, tattoos and body jewelry.

The plastic man — one who has been

changed in shape — is so common that it has almost become a status symbol. Is this Hollywood's influence again? Among the more macho and acceptably butch ways you can express yourself through changing your body is with tattoos. The reigning king of the tattoos is definitely Cliff Raven and Company who hold forth at the Sunset Strip Tattoo. Piercing is also very popular among gay men and the best in Los Angeles is Gauntlet. Both tattoos and piercing require steady nerves

(or a lot of vodka) and a high tolerance for pain.

For some, enduring either a tattoo or piercing has become something of a masculinity rite that sets one apart. On this and the next page are examples of personal visions that have manifested themselves into reality. It should be remembered that both of the individual artists involved, Cliff Raven and The Gauntlet, are masters of the purest aspects of that vision.



SUNSET STRIP TATTOO Cliff Raven

There are businesses in Los Angeles that have gained local fame, but Cliff Raven and company are an international institution. A master of the Japanese style of tattoo, Cliff Raven studied with the world famous Phil Andros.

In the five years that Cliff has been in business, he has tattooed some of the hottest men in the country as well as

many Hollywood personalities. People come from as far away as Key West and New York just to take advantage of this man's special skills.

You've no doubt seen Cliff's work already in the pages of *Drummer Magazine* and other national publications. His work ranges from the smallest little spider on the back of your hand to a huge Japanese leopard that starts with a roar

on your shoulder and ends with its tail on your cock.

By the time this issue hits the newsstands, Cliff Raven's second store will be open for business in San Francisco at 451 Ninth Street in the Folsom area.

8418 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA
(213) 650-6530





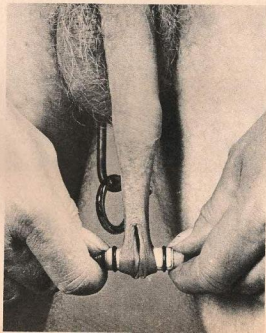
GAUNTLET

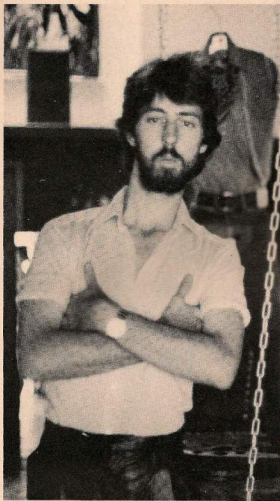
Body jewelry has become a signature of the macho man everywhere. The most popular and famous vendor of body jewelry in Los Angeles is Gauntlet, whose motto is "If you want it pierced, we'll pierce it."

The high amount of integrity and craftsmanship with which the staff both fashion their wares and present them to the public is impressive. Their Prince Albert cock rings will definitely make you stand out from the crowd. When a Gauntlet nipple ring is dangling from a tan, bulging tit, it can make you cum in your jeans.

Each piece is custom made in their shop by Jim Ward, the smith. He works wonders in gold, silver and surgical steel. Each purchase also includes a free piercing. Also, if you have a particular fantasy in body jewelry, Jim Ward will fashion it to your specs.

720 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 652-2385





LEATHER TRADE

Part of a growing group of gay businesses in an area that has been recently dubbed "East End Village," Leather Trade is an alternative to other custom leather shops. The goal of the owners of Leather Trade is, "to make leather items according to the styles our customers request, not what we want to impose upon them." It is a complete service shop, not only offering custom leather, but also doing alterations, repairs, restyling and even cleaning of leather goods.

Leather Trade also pledges completion of items in ten days or less. The shop offers a wide display of items for your inspiration as samples or off-the-rack sale that appeals to both cycle or western tastes.

Leather Trade is new to Los Angeles having opened on June 8th and has already gained a faithful following. If you are looking for something in leather that you can't find somewhere else, drop by and Dan will be happy to help you design what you like. Leather tailors Carlos or Raymond will build your fantasy garment to your complete satisfaction.

708 N. Heliotrope Drive
East End Village
Los Angeles, CA 90029
(213) 668-0230



THE LEATHERMAKER

The Leathermaker is not the name of a shop but the name of a man — D.L. Sterling — and quite a remarkable man at that. Twenty years ago he invented black leather cycle chaps. He says, "It may come as a surprise to newcomers to learn that cycle chaps were not made before, but in 1960 a biker who wanted leg protection either had to wear leather jeans or breeches with boots. All of these had to be donned before setting out — on the bike, and had to be kept on until clothes came off — there was no easy-on, easy-off protective legwear. Of course, cowboy chaps were being made, but they were for horses, and there was a kind of unspoken dress code which forbade a biker from dressing like a cowboy until I adapted the style for my use and made them in black leather instead of western brown. When other bikers saw me, that's all it took to start a new fashion."

D.L. Sterling models, in the photo, the first style of chaps made for bikers, and has since refined that design a number of times. His latest design features chapwear with the zipper on the outside. He is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 am to 6 pm.

5720 Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90038
(213) 461-1095

Genuine Steerhide DELUXE MOTORCYCLE JACKET

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THE LEATHER GAME

One of the premier makers and sellers of leather to leathermen, the Leather Game is among the oldest leather shops in Los Angeles. Gary Zamrock and company have just completed their 10th anniversary. The tradition of high quality and innovations in leather toys, harnesses and chaps begun by Michael Whalen (their founder) is carried on by Rob Reline, Chuck, their cutter, is one of the best known in Los Angeles. Then when Jay fits you, you know it is going to look perfect.

The Leather Game is one of those rare places where you can buy LAPD and California Highway Patrol uniforms and gear. Uniforms are especially popular in Southern California during the warm weather as an alternative to full leather. Also available are a selection of patches and other police accessories.

The men at Leather Game are leathermen's leathermen — they not only make it, they also wear it and live in it. The new Melrose location is bigger and better equipped to serve your needs. On your next visit to Los Angeles, pull your bike up front, come in and Rob or Jay will be there to help you gear up.

7264 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90046
(213) 934-4688

WET & WILD



CLUB BATHS LOS ANGELES

The largest and most complete bath-house facility in Los Angeles, the Club L.A. has an outdoor garden swimming pool and jacuzzi that during the daytime is a popular sunbathing spot for Los Angeles' hottest bodies. Unlike many bath facilities, the Club is active 24 hours a day.

As a member of the Club Baths Chain,

members from all of the Clubs around the country are welcome. If you are not a member, the \$10 annual charge to join will also get you in at the other Clubs across the nation from San Francisco to New York to Florida.

Club L.A. has two large-screen TV rooms, a steam room as well as a sauna and a full gym. Private rooms and lockers are available. Safety lock boxes are used to secure any valuables and please bring

I.D. on your first visit.

The atmosphere at the Club is very friendly and relaxed. The employees are very attentive and friendly.

For a fabulously relaxed afternoon or a hot and active evening, the Club Baths is a perfect choice.

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BIG DEAL FROM DRUMMER

All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

However, there are some publications that have such a loyal following that its readers will promptly go to their bookstore and demand the new issue, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newstands and bookstores all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is out and wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT is loyalty!

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else. It is unique, and so is its readership.

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price. Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2.50, through issue 29 the price is \$3, later than that it is \$3.50.



ALTERNATE

ALTERNATE IS THE MAGAZINE FOR GROWN-UP GAYS.

Provocative, colored, uncompromising with a fresh approach to the subject of sexual politics. The Gay Art issue was a complete sellout and the new issue on California is headed in the same direction, a bi-monthly, you can get twelve issues sent to you for a modest

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Malebox

MALEBOX is the newest DRUMMER publication, a monthly super tabloid with more person-to-person classified than you dreamt possible. Articles you won't find anywhere else, dynamite features, fiction, erotic art. If you liked it before, you'll love it now. You can have it every month in your box for only

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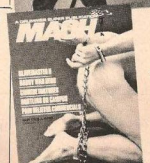


DRUMMER

DRUMMER IS THE MAGAZINE THAT ISN'T A COPY OF ANYTHING ELSE! The best in fiction, photography and art presented in the hottest, most forthright manner possible. The popularity of DRUMMER is legendary. Don't miss an issue, it's one of a kind!

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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MACH

If you think DRUMMER is outrageous, wait until you meet MACH. We introduce the Six Dollar Magazine, which in itself is fairly outrageous. More of everything, except advertising. MACH is fresh, bright and a definite instant turn-on. Subscriptions for a year for \$20. Strictly High Octane.

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ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

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☐ ALTERNATE \$20 ☐ MACH \$20 ☐ MALEBOX \$15

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Send my membership kit, key and DRUMMER subscription.

☐ Send back issues of ☐ DRUMMER ☐ ALTERNATE ☐ MACH.

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CITY, STATE, ZIP _____



ALAN'S ALLEY

Formerly the Barracks, this place is sleazy. Definitely for those who are seriously into FFA. Two floors of private rooms — slings hanging from everywhere — this is a specialty place. Not as large or as popular as some of the other clubs, Alan's Alley is the place for a certain kind of person — many of whom are *Drummer* readers.

5729 Cahuenga Blvd.
North Hollywood, CA
(213) 760-3292

SWAP MEAT

The Swap Meat is Silver Lake's most popular glory hole. Their famous poster accurately expresses the kind of action you will find here. Very active after hours as a private club, the Swap Meat is especially busy on Friday and Saturday nights. A very large facility, there's plenty of room to get into trouble and corners to explore.

1800 Hyperion Avenue
Los Angeles, CA
(213) 666-2355

MEAT RACK

The men at the Meat Rack have forced the words "glory hole" to be extensively enlarged in meaning. A complete facility, the Meat Rack has added fantasy: There is a park outside with bushes to play in, rails to tie your horse to, and rings in the wall to tie your slave to.

Inside there is a large detention cell and many small jail cells. The slings are always in use. There is a large public bathroom for the wet and wild. Especially crowded after hours, *Drummer* readers won't want to miss visiting this place.

4621 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA
(213) 666-9811

CORRAL CLUB

The oldest bathhouse in the Valley, the Corral Club has two floors of public rooms, many of them with slings. All the usual facilities of a bathhouse. The men are hot, local, Valley types for the most part. Most active on the weekends, of course.


3747 Cahuenga Blvd.
Studio City, CA
(818) 899-9944

SERPENT 8 CLUB

Celebrating their tenth anniversary, the Serpent 8 is the largest and most complete bath facility in the Valley. They have just opened a new section and now have an enormous sun deck. Private rooms and lockers are available. Soon, there will be three sling rooms which should be of special interest to *Drummer* readers. Other facilities include: sauna, steam, jacuzzi and public rooms set aside for action or just quiet reading.

4109 West Burbank Blvd.
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ADVERTISERS: HERE'S HOW TO TAP THE WORLD'S RICHEST GAY MARKET



Buck Rogers' *Los Angeles Happenings*, our monthly events calendar and advertiser, reaches more L.A.-area gay households than any other gay periodical in print. And since it features 150-200 timely upcoming events of interest to the gay community every month, it is referred to again and again all month long by 20,000 L.A.-area gays and their friends. *Los Angeles Happenings* is printed on quality paper and distributed free at more than 200 L.A.-area locations. Whether you want to attract well-heeled L.A. gay tourists to your business or seek their mail-orders, join some 70 California advertisers who increase their business month after month with *Los Angeles Happenings*! For a complimentary copy of the current *Los Angeles Happenings* and rate sheet, write to Buck Rogers, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Or call Buck at (213) 666-4382 or (213) 656-0258.

RESTAURANTS



THE FOUR QUEENS CAFE

In your tour of Silver Lake, you won't want to miss The Four Queens. It is an intimate coffee house with great omelets and a wide selection of sweets and pastries to fortify you for the next round. Often you will find a man reading cards, who is guaranteed to find someone "tall, dark and handsome" in your future.

The Four Queens is right in the heart of the Silver Lake section and is perfect for dinner before hitting the local bars. The One Way, incidentally, is also on Hoover St.

574 North Hoover
Los Angeles, CA
(213) 662-3414

KEITH'S RESTAURANT & BAR

Serving the public for 37 years, Keith's Restaurant and Bar is the oldest and best known gay restaurant in Southern California with a tradition of fine food, great entertainment and gracious service.

By day, Kieth's is a sunny spot for lunch offering a full range of sandwiches, soups and salads. Their homemade potato chips are a specialty. The decor is New Orleans French Quarter with an easy going atmosphere that has made it a favorite place for a business luncheon or a cool drink on those hot Valley days.

At night, Kieth's is a complete entertainment facility. Start with cocktails at the bar, followed by one of Sal Nigrelli's sumptuous meals. As owner and master chef, Sal and his partner Bob Young pay attention to detail. Their *rack of lamb* and *veal piccata* are always in demand. A well-stocked wine cellar will impress the most discriminating palate.

After dinner, enjoy the hot sounds of "Be Here Now," a duo with a wide-ranging repertoire that easily moves from blues to jazz to rock.

11801 Ventura Blvd.
Studio City, CA 91604
(213) 762-1818



THE ACADEMY

A remarkable dining experience awaits you at the Academy, Los Angeles' uniform restaurant, bar and show lounge. The decor, the waiters' uniforms and the service all emphasize high military style.

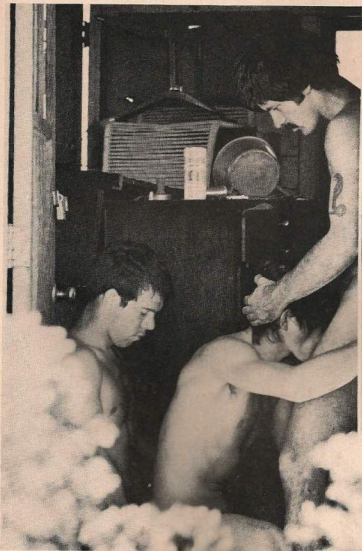
Lunch and dinner are served daily in the main dining room and patio. Special brunches are served on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays and are popular with the uniform crowd throughout Los Angeles.

A special attraction of the Academy is the show lounge with live entertainment seven nights a week. On Fridays and Saturdays the show is John Spindler's "A Salute to Broadway," an engaging musical revue featuring some of Hollywood's most talented newcomers, some of whom are certainly destined to careers in television and motion pictures. Show times start at 11 pm with a special matinee on Sunday afternoons at 4 pm after brunch.

As to the food, it is excellent. And come hungry as the portions are generous. The service is snappy and proper as one would expect in an elegant tablecloth restaurant. The wine selection is extensive. Diner for two with the works (cocktails, appetizer, main course, wine, after dinner drinks) runs about \$50 for two, including the tip.

6236 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90038
(213) 466-8292

CELLULOID SKIN



photo/The Gage Brothers

THE CENTURY THEATRE

The Century Theatre is currently the oldest gay-owned and operated theatre showing explicit gay films in all of Los Angeles. Which is to say a lot, since the movie capitol of the world has been remiss in maintaining a gay film theatre over the past couple decades.

Unlike the stereotypical 'porn theatre,' The Century is indeed a large, traditional movie house with 35mm projection equipment, ample seating, first run films; and is an integral part of the Hollywood gay community.

The Century brings the finest new gay

films to town, each feature shown in original, crisp prints. The cinema fare represents the best directors and actors working the gay film medium.

Recently, The Century opened a second theatre in San Francisco; itself the largest, best-equipped gay theatre in the city.

Information on their current offering in film is available by telephoning (213) 666-1678.

5115 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, CA
(213) 666-1678



cliff raven

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HOLLYWOOD 650-6530

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The West Coast's Leading Disco

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A black and white photograph of a man with a beard, wearing a cowboy hat, a light-colored long-sleeved shirt, and jeans with a fringed chaps. He is leaning against a large, dark wooden door with a cross-shaped handle. His right arm is raised, holding onto the top of the door frame.

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HOT BUSINESSES



Los Angeles is a major center for gay commerce other than the usual gay bars and clubs. It is the place where many nationally distributed products are manufactured and the home of many gay businesses that serve the business community rather than individuals.

Among the many products that originate from Los Angeles are Safety Valve 2 inhalers, Lube and Elbow Grease, both popular lubricants directed at the gay market. Pig Poppers, a growing concern, also makes its home in Southern California.

Helping the gay community communicate with itself is Data Boy publication and advertising agency and the Los Angeles staff of the *Voice*. A number of advertising agencies that specialize in gay promotions exist in Los Angeles including: Business Graphics, Fine Line Advertising, M&M Advertising and Ty Davidson Designs. *In Touch Magazine* also makes its home in L.A.

Other service companies exist such as Buck Rogers' *California Discoveries* and Sid Barbaro's Hollywood Alarm Systems.

Outside the commercial world, many service organizations have been set up to help the gay community. The Gay Men's and Lesbian's Community Center has over 80 employees in a dozen different departments from V.D. to employment to legal assistance. The National Gay Archives has the largest collection of gay oriented printed matter in the world. Any trip to Los Angeles should include a visit to the archives on Hudson Street just off Hollywood Blvd.

Many gay lawyers and doctors and other professionals specializing in gay problems, make their home in Los Angeles and are anxious to have other gays as clients. Lists of such professionals can be obtained from the Gay Center.

Scores of highly specialized gay clubs and newsletters originate out of Southern California including the usual bike clubs. Many are devoted to single fetishes or scenes such as water sports and bondage.

**Stop fumbling with
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BEFORE you buy your next chaps,
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Be sure to MENTION THIS AD.

1980 is the 20th Anniversary of Cycle-Chaps!



**7746 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046**

There's a New Sign at Folsom & 11th.



And a Whole New Experience for You.

It's about time that we had a club of our own. And not just a club, but the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensualist in you has been searching for. There are a lot of things you could join — Discos, Encounter Clubs, Glory-Hole Clubs — the DRUMMER KEY CLUB is none of these. We have taken the concept of a place where OUR people can enjoy themselves: well-run, friendly, exciting and inexpensive and come up with a concept you can't resist.

Memberships in many places can cost you anywhere from a few to thousands of dollars and about all you get is the privilege of paying five to fifteen dollars at the door for admission. People like to associate with their own kind and are usually charged considerable for that right. Ours is a different concept. We are expanding the Leather Fraternity, including all its privileges and benefits, and

DRUMMER KEY CLUB FOR THE MACHO MALE

adding a great new Club to use. Our first will be in San Francisco, where we are. Cost stays the same — \$60 — which is less than most Disco memberships. What do you get for sixty bucks?

☐ DRUMMER SUBSCRIPTION. Twelve issues of the hottest magazine around. If you already subscribe, we'll add a year to your present subscription. That's \$40 worth right there. Pick up your free copy of DRUMMER at the club or we'll mail it to you.

☐ CLASSIFIED ADS. Twelve inserts in DRUMMER no less. Included.

☐ MAIL BOX AND FORWARDING SERVICE. No charge for forwarding your mail to your box number.

☐ LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERSHIP with full privileges.

YOUR DRUMMER CLUB KEY with full guest privileges.

☐ THE DRUMMER KEY CLUB will be open this summer in the Heart of the Folsom-South of Market area with POOL and recreational facilities.

☐ YOUR CREDIT CARDS — VISA and MASTERCHARGE are welcome. Limited Check Cashing with your membership.

Enjoy the DRUMMER KEY CLUB and all its benefits and make this coming year one to remember. Now, more than ever, you should have a Leather Fraternity membership and DRUMMER CLUB key.

Hurry! Charter memberships at this price must be limited. Get your ass in gear.



\$100 Charter Memberships Now \$60. Hurry!

DRUMMER KEY CLUBS / LEATHER FRATERNITY
15 Harriet Street / San Francisco, CA 94103

I surrender. Here is my \$60. Get my membership kit, my subscription and other goodies going and make it snappy! I am 21 years of age or better.
(signature) _____

NAME _____

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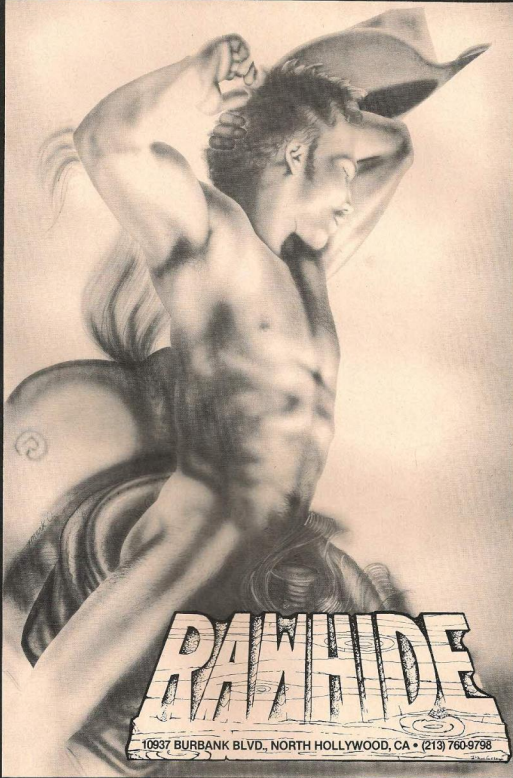
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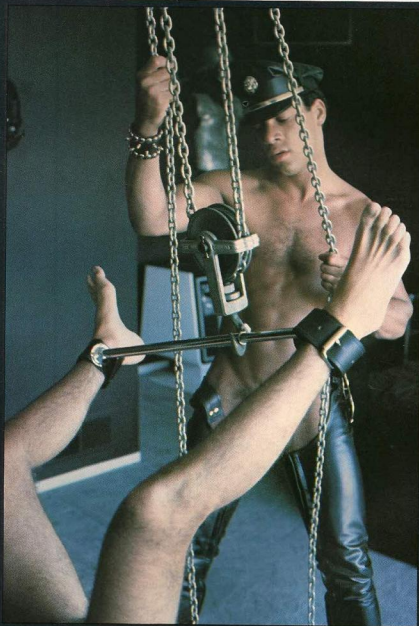
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ONEWAY

612 N. HOOVER / LOS ANGELES

ELBOW GREASE

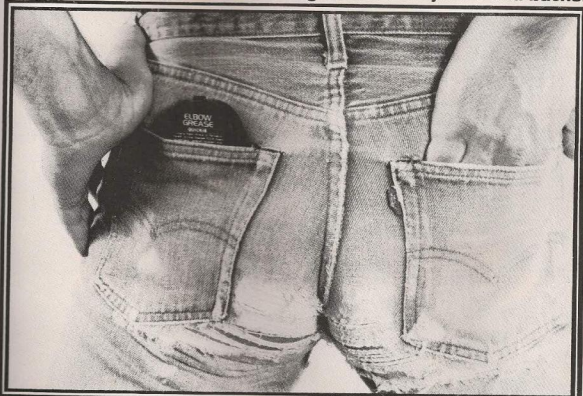
THE ALL-AMERICAN LUBRICANT



For those intense sexual encounters

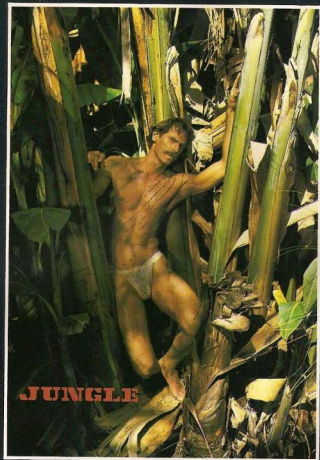
That's why we created Elbow Grease. It is our concern that there is one lubricant, manufactured to strict standards and sold at a fair price, for the men and women of the Gay Community. Elbow Grease is a long-lasting creme lubricant that has no odor, taste, or after-odor. It contains mineral oil for easy entry and is water based for easy clean-up. If you have not tried Elbow Grease, do it today. Elbow Grease. For those who love intense sexual encounters.

On sale at all progressive-thinking bookstores, bars and baths.



Dealer inquiries invited: (213) 763-2920

PHOTO: CHARLIE AIRWAVES



JUNGLE

LOS ANGELES

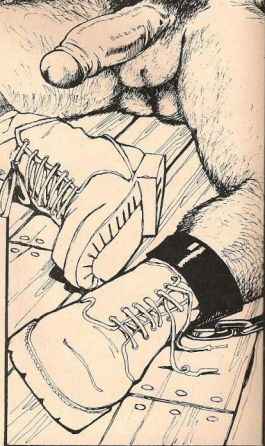
3626 SUNSET BOULEVARD



A BARN...
MILES FROM
ANYWHERE... A
GOOD LOCATION
FOR FILMING OUR
NEXT SANDM
MOVIE...
I'LL CHECK
IT OUT!



BY BILL WARD





HEY-IT'S DRUM!

CAL-YOU OLD FUCKER!

HOW ARE YOU?

HEY, YOU LOOK GREAT, MAN!

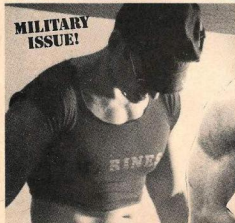
THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION. HAVE A DRINK!

GOOD TO SEE YOU

OH, BOY-TWO OF 'EM... A BUSY NIGHT FOR ME... MY MASTER ALWAYS LETS HIS OLD FRIENDS HAVE MY ASS!

Zzzzz

DRUMMER Marches On!



**PROPERTY
U.S. ARMY**

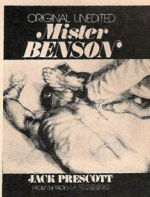
IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR THE DRUMMER ANNUAL and boy, is this one timely! DRUMMER MARCHES ON is all military. As long as our country's young hunks are registering for the draft, DRUMMER felt the least it could do is to give them a guide to go by. Military discipline, adventure, punishment and combat are examined in the hottest fiction, art and photography you have come to expect from DRUMMER. This issue has a special fiction section on S&M Soldiering, More Movie (Maritime) Mayhem, and uniforms up the ass. It is going to press immediately and has a limited press run, so get your order in now.

DRUMMER 5.95 Marches On!

DRUMMER pays the postage.

DRUMMER'S HOTTEST ANNUAL IN FIVE YEARS.

Mister BENSON 5.95



ALTERNATE PUBLISHING
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MR. BENSON IS GOING TO PRESS FINALLY and in his original version! In our new 5½"x8½" format with illustrations by Brick, MR. BENSON is destined to be a best seller. Perfect-bound with Chromecolor cover, it is a must addition to your library. DRUMMER's hottest novel is available at long last and is yours for a mere 5.95.

- ☐ Send me the new DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN ANNUAL. Enclosed is 5.95 and you pay the postage.
- ☐ Send me MR. BENSON as fast as you can. Enclosed is my 5.95, including postage.
- ☐ What the hell. Include these annuals: ☐ BEST & WORST ☐ DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN ☐ SON OF DRUMMER 5.95

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____
I am 21 years of age _____ (signature)

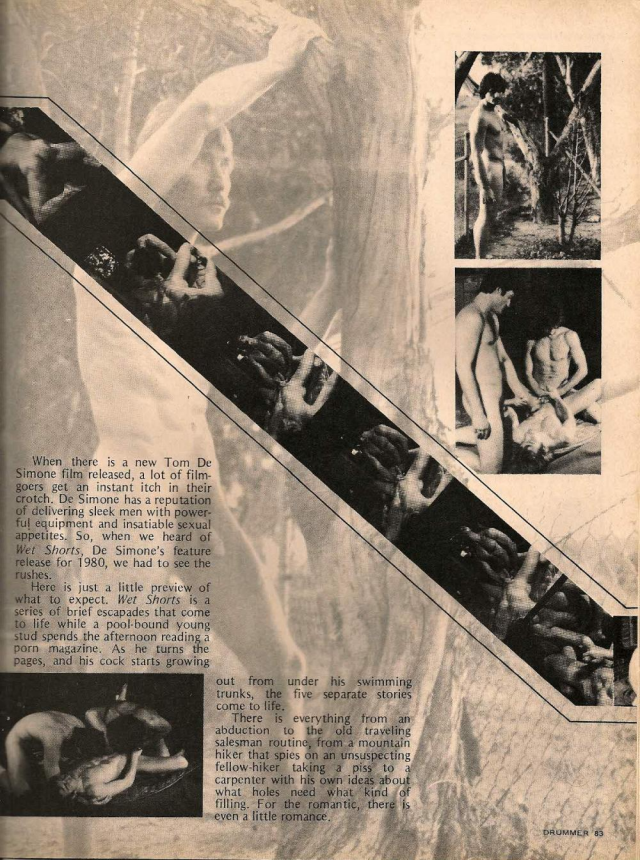
WET SHORTS



Tom De Simone is the filmgoers fantasy of what an erotic filmmaker should be like. This compact, sexy, hairy, hung Italian stud is every bit as exciting as the men who people his films. In fact, people who meet Tom often voice the question: Why doesn't he turn the camera on himself?

If you saw *The Idol*, then De Simone's name should already be part of your vocabulary. It was one of those films not to be missed. Everything about it was a turn-on: from the cast to the exacting editing and direction, the color, the sound, the throbbing erections both on the screen and in the audience. In fact, *The Idol* may have sent more people to their knees than any explicit film made in the last couple years.





When there is a new Tom De Simone film released, a lot of filmgoers get an instant itch in their crotch. De Simone has a reputation of delivering sleek men with powerful equipment and insatiable sexual appetites. So, when we heard of *Wet Shorts*, De Simone's feature release for 1980, we had to see the rushes.

Here is just a little preview of what to expect. *Wet Shorts* is a series of brief escapades that come to life while a pool-bound young stud spends the afternoon reading a porn magazine. As he turns the pages, and his cock starts growing

out from under his swimming trunks, the five separate stories come to life.

There is everything from an abduction to the old traveling salesman routine, from a mountain hiker that spies on an unsuspecting fellow-hiker taking a piss to a carpenter with his own ideas about what holes need what kind of filling. For the romantic, there is even a little romance.



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Tom De Simone has a sense of humor, and in *Wet Shorts* he lets it out like he's never dared before. But that's because he knows sex can sometimes be a little funny. Sometimes even very funny.

DRUMMER views the Flicks

LE DEUTSCH NOIR

Rainer Werner Fassbinder's reputation as a homosexual filmmaker, and as one of the pivot filmmakers in the German Narrative Line Cinema is based on a handful of films that have been seen in America: *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, *Effi Briest*, *Fox and His Friends*, *Despair*, and *The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant*. The larger body of work almost completely unknown to American audiences paints a much broader portrait of the filmmaker; and while it doesn't detract from his status in the international filmmaking community, does provide foundation for what is more a auteur film noir than a vanguard didactical style.

Fassbinder may have influenced German Narrative Line Cinema, or have been influenced by it — but he definitely belongs in a category more comprehensive, if in any category at all.

His most successful films, *Fox and Maria Braun*, reflect what his film vision is all about. In both of these works Fassbinder approached the condition of the prevailing social order through the perspective of highly-individualized characters. American audiences found Fox and Maria identifiable personages through symbiotic metaphors. In Fassbinder's newest American-shown film, *In A Year of 13 Moons*, he repeats this same approach. However, because *13 Moons* is Fassbinder's most personal vision, audiences will find it his hardest to comprehend.

The film follows a transsexual during the last four days of his/her life. When the film opens, we are confronted with images that seem in contradiction: A man is cruising the Frankford waterfront and comes on to a young man. They meet, caress, begin to strip and fondle each other. We see the first man's pants fall to his knees, revealing a pair of laced woman's panties. The second man reaches for anticipated genitals, suddenly steps back, and shouts to other young men loitering in the bushes that his partner says he is a woman. The other youths come forward and Elvira, who has masqueraded as a man in order to pick up a young boy, is beaten by the gang. It is impossible for the viewer to understand that this is not a "queer-bashing." Not until at least half-way through the film does the narrative line catch up with the visuals — and we learn that Elvira was a man who had a sex change, was never homosexual, had a wife and a daughter before the operation, and only did it for one very specific, maddening reason.

Elvira is rejected by her lover, Christoph, and left to her own remorseful devices. She finds some, but not much, consolation in the company of a prostitute friend, Zora — but the latter actually



Christoph shows Elvira that her masculinity comes through much too loudly in Fassbinder's in a Year with 13 Moons.

sends Elvira on a search for her past. Although there are no flashbacks, we learn the story of Elvira and her marriage and her child and her sex change and her unrequited love for her father-in-law. This is the whole of the narrative line, the rest of Fassbinder's film is present-tense filler.

There are hints of Elvira's impending suicide throughout the two hours/four days. Death, of animals and of other people, is a constant recurring motif. In fact, death is the only option presented with any sincerity.

Elvira is not an attractive woman. She has grown overweight, sloppy, careless. She attempts to restore her manhood by cutting off her hair and donning an ill-fitting old suit (which one assumes is from her earlier life as a man). But Elvira, under the sway of a year with 13 new moons, is doomed to emotional and physical failure.

Fassbinder might, in this instance, remind the viewer of Polanski's moody *The Tenant* — so mixed is the film noir and the use of obsession and transsexuality. But Polanski used these images to create a mood and style; Fassbinder is strictly shooting from the hip.

In A Year of 13 Moons is not the most dark film I've ever seen, nor the most depressing. But it may require too much from the audience, and for Fassbinder, nothing required could be too much to ask. The audience will say: You have not entertained us. You have not taught us.

Fassbinder would reply: This is not entertainment and you have not learned.

— John W. Rowberry

TOMORROW THE WAR RESUMES

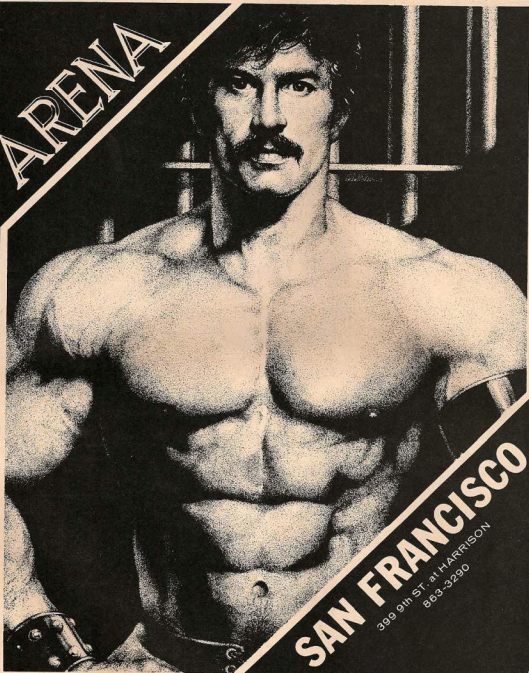
Time has taken a definite toll on Samuel Fuller's *The Big Red One*. This sensitive story of four young dog-faced infantrymen and their sergeant facing the horrors of World War Two has come a decade too late to meet the impact of pace-setters like *Johnny Got His Gun*, *Coming Home* and *Apocalypse Now*. Not all of that is Fuller's fault. No director can predict what any other director will do to change the course of filmmaking. But if Fuller's intention was, as stated, "is to make the viewer feel war," then he has failed.

Had he reached for a more humane goal, to perhaps show a humanity that exists in spite or because of the condition of war — he would have come damn near the mark. The latter, the humanity, is the saving grace of this ironic and dialectic film. And Lee Marvin's performance — may be the highmark of his career.

Mark Hamill, who gets second bill, is as believable as the rest of the cast, and the rest of the cast is fine. In fact, this is a fine little movie about four soldiers experiencing an alien environment. It was just made too late after the fact.

— John W. Rowberry

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The above "Number One Man" poster is available on 23 by 28 inch slick poster stock with or without the Arena logo as follows: with the logo \$8 including postage and handling; without the logo, signed and numbered by the artist, limited edition of 100 copies for \$25 including postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax. Send money order to: "Number One Man," c/o The Arena of San Francisco, 399 9th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

Hyvari

CONRAP

GAYCON NEWSLETTER

Gaycon Press Newsletter is now back in publication. The newsletter contains prison news, inmate poetry, gay news of interest to prisoners and resource information concerning gays locked behind prison walls. The newsletter is sent free to prisoners and is \$6 per year for non-prisoners.

For more information write to: Gaycon Press, Ron Endersby, Editor, 1200 Haight Street, No. 9, San Francisco, CA 94117. The newsletter will also aid in finding and matching free gays and gays in prison in terms of correspondence.

Inmate with less than one year left to serve would like to hear from any area. Am 29 years old, bisexual, 6'3", 200 lbs., 8", with a good body. Am a dominant plumper looking for a good fit. Vic Byrd, No. 16603, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707.

Handsome English guy, 24, 6'1", 170 lbs., 12", blond hair, blue eyes. Presently in college release program, can travel on furloughs to those men interested. Walter Williams, No. 71A0654, Box 367, Danemora, NY 12929.

Attractive, blond hair, 6', 152 lbs., hazel eyes, hung, warm-hearted and lonely. Masculine, passive, into all kinds of sex. Send a photo if possible. Tracy Reynolds, No. B-87658, Room 2209, CHC-East, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Goodlooking, 37, bisexual, blue eyes, dark brown hair, 5'8", 160 lbs., seeks friends and lovers. Ted DuBois, No. A053581, Box 518, Zephyrhills, FL 33599.

Seeking meaningful relationship with gay or bisexual men. Am 27, 5'8", 160 lbs., muscular, well hung, cocoa complexion, black hair and brown eyes. Will answer all letters. Edward Osborn, No. 140-114, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Lonely prisoner looking for correspondence with gay men. Currently in protective custody due to being gay. Ray T. Woodall Jr., 2800 Gravier St., (PC), New Orleans, LA 70119.

White gay male, 5'9", 115 lbs., seeking correspondence. Due to be paroled soon. Bobby Whitney, No. 30868, Box 2500, Lincoln, NB 68502.

Gay prisoner eager for contact with the outside world. Paul Devine, No. 762210, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

GAY PRISONER PROJECT

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) National Gay Rights Project has announced the formation of a Gay Prisoners Committee which with "document incidents of selective abuse or discrimination suffered by lesbians and gay prisoners at the hands of the police, the courts, jail or prison personnel and other prisoners."

Anyone having information about selective abuse in U.S. prisons should send it to Dan Campbell, ACLU Prisoners Committee, 633 South Shatto Place, Los Angeles, CA 90005.

PRISON OUTREACH

Boston's *Gay Community News* is beginning a prison outreach program that will include connecting outsiders with prison pen pals, getting books and publications sent to prisoners, and making an effort to establish a support system for Lesbian prisoners similar to the existing organizations for gay men. *Gay Community News* routinely sends free copies of their newspaper to prisoners, and has been involved in the fight to secure access to gay materials for gay prisoners.

If you are interested in helping the outreach program, or being advised of its various activities, you can write to: Mike Riegler, Gay Community News, 22 Bromfield Street, Boston, MA 02108. The newspaper publishes advertisements from prisoners every alternate issue.

THE TORCH/ANTORCHA

The largest political faction concerned with prison, prison reform, and the condition of prisoners is the left. A large number of anti-war, anti-nuke, anti-draft demonstrators found themselves in jail and sometimes in prison for clearly political beliefs. A bi-weekly newspaper, *The Torch*, printed in both Spanish and English, devotes a good amount of their editorial space to current prison situations, political prisoners, and the connection between the prison population and political activism.

The Torch also maintains free subscriptions for prisoners. Currently, however, prison systems in New York and Texas have banned the newspaper from entry into those state's prisons. If you have a prison pen pal with strong leftist political leanings, you might suggest he write to *The Torch* for a subscription. If you are interested in the publication yourself, three issues will be mailed to you for \$1. The address is: *The Torch*, Box 1288, New York, NY 10116. *The Torch* does not have a prisoner classified section, but reports prison news and publishes letters from prisoners.



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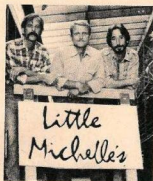
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DRUMMER'S BOOKS



Real Men/photo by George Bennett

interior of the St. Mark's Baths in New York, comes across as a sturdy example of the new gay man — not interested in monogamous games, comfortable in leather, confident of his maleness. Some of his lines are magnificent. And so are some of the very quotable remarks made by the author as he describes life in the evolving ghetto: "Gay men with ambition tend to migrate to New York, while those whose ambition is to be gay are more likely to be drawn to the Golden Gate."

Love and Love Sickness: The Science of Sex, Gender Difference and Fair-Bonding by John Money (Johns Hopkins University Press, \$16.95) is a ponderous academic work that really wasn't meant for summer reading. If you are interested in a learned study on gender differences and how they effect pair-bonding, be our guest. Still, Money is one of those old war horse liberals who's been championing gay rights for years, and he certainly uses this opportunity to get in a few licks at homophobia. In fact he describes this country as being shockingly similar to Russia:

The sexual dissident in the United States is the counterpart of the political dissident in Russia.

Epidemiologically, both are considered infected with contagious ideas that threaten the health of Society. Both are kept under police surveillance, and are subject to police harassment and entrapment. Both are arrested and brought to trial at enormous expense to the taxpayer. Both are subject to sanity tests and both may be sentenced to custody in either a psychiatric institution or a prison. Both are professionally dispossessed and cannot return to their former occupations. Both have their families economically ruined and morally traumatized...

Sobering thoughts.

The Homosexual as Hero (Barnes and Noble, \$22.95) is another academic book. It's supposedly a survey of gay characters in literature. There's nothing new, and it really doesn't get into the homosexual as hero, but is limited to the homosexual as character. The author's special affinity for James Purdy makes that section interesting, but the rest is a simple overview that doesn't really add much to the body of understanding.

St. Martin's Press has just published *Tress: Facing Up* (\$13.95) a volume of photography by Arthur Tress. The images have appeared in many of the gay magazines, but it is still very worthwhile to have them all collected in one place. The book is being co-published by a French publishing house. The reproduction quality is stunning.

— John Preston

WRINKLED FATIGUES

To Keep Our Honor Clean (Vanguard, 1980, \$10.95) is one of those books we just wish would go away. Better still, we wish it had never been written. Given all that, the least we'd like to do is ignore it. But the publisher has launched a major advertising campaign claiming the book is "somewhere between *From Here to Eternity* and *Dress Grey*." That quote might mislead a *Drummer* reader, so we take it as a duty to tell you that this is *not* a gay book. It is merely a mediocre military book.

Briefly, the action revolves around a group of men who go through basic training at Parris Island. Guess what! Drill Instructors slap their faces! They are called dirty names! They have a hard time making it through. One of them doesn't; he commits suicide. The outline still might sound good, but don't waste your money. It's poorly written, boring, and not worth it. You probably have better military scenes of your own every week.

There's a new non-fiction book that offers something much more interesting. *Real Men: Sex and Style in an Uncertain Age*, by Frank Rose with photography by George Bennett (Doubleday, \$8.95, paperback) is a fine exploration of the new modes of living that have become available to American men. The book is composed of seven profiles of men who have redefined masculinity for themselves. It's interesting to note that one of the most "butch" profiles is of New York designer Norm Kathweg. Norm, whose claim to gay fame is that he designed the



Facing Up/photo by Arthur Tress

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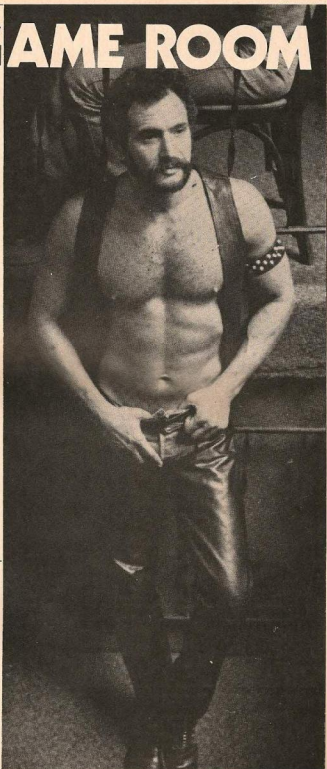
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Tough Shit

WATERSKIER'S ENEMA

"We have read with great interest the reports in the Journal of such sport-related injuries as penile frostbite, jogger's nipples, judo-jogger's itch and most recently the feared disco felon. We would like to add to this impressive list another entity we have called 'waterskier's enema'....

Waterskier's enema occurs when the victim, traveling at a high rate of speed, lands on the water in the sitting position with a craniorectal angle of about 120 degrees and the legs abducted. In the two years patients whom we observed, clinical presentation consisted of sudden onset of diffuse crampy abdominal pain followed by an intense desire to (shit). Both victims went on to uneventful recoveries.

"Although the clinical importance of this entity is minimal, the intense post-traumatic urge to (shit) must be respected, and boat owners should carefully question anyone suspected of having waterskier's enema before allowing them back in the boat."

New England Journal of Medicine



May 1980 issue of Interior Design Magazine, a look at the latest in light restraints.

TEXAS TOWN WIGGLES WAY OUT OF BIG STINK

LUFKIN, Tex. (AP)—Deep in the pines of East Texas, millions of sludge-eating red wigglers are worming their way into the hearts of the people of Lufkin.

Since May, 1979, Lufkin, population 32,000, has been experimenting with the use of the four-inch worms to eat part of the city's sewage. It is the only such system in use in the world, according to city officials.

Wayne Humphrey, city public works director,

said 10,000 pounds of red wigglers are on the job, processing 5% of the city's sewage.

The city hopes to eventually double the percentage, and that would result in a savings of \$65,000 annually.

The worms are kept outside town in a dozen 20-foot by 90-foot "cells" through which the sewage flows.

"It's so simple. It's a back-to-nature thing," Humphrey said. "You could go out there and the smell would gag a maggot. But 15 minutes later you wouldn't smell a thing."

• *Los Angeles Times*

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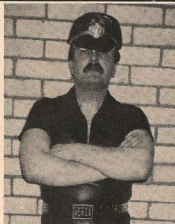


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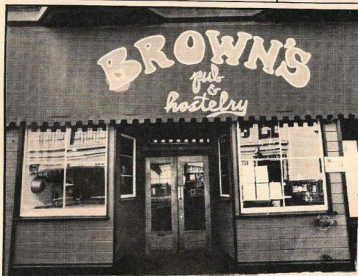
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

Would you give me your reaction to the *Time* Magazine article "The Gay World's Leather Fringe"? I'm particularly concerned about the idea that being into leather is equivalent to seeking danger.

Fred in Chicago

Dear Fred,

I had to go back and read the article again (*Time*, March 24, '80), because I did not recall being overly disturbed by it when I originally saw it. This failure to react more strongly, however, was probably due to my own conditioning; i.e., the expectation that anything written about leather-gay-S&M in a heterosexual magazine is going to miss the point. In this case, I think the writer is basically with it, but errs in his first assumption — the same assumption which bothered you. Being into leather-S&M *per se* is not seeking danger; sucking cock on a rotting pier (whether in leather or in pink panties) is certainly courting danger. People also do it in Central Park (NYC), Grif-fith Park (L.A.) and Land's End (S.F.). Although there is a certain danger in all these situations, I wonder if it isn't less dangerous than seeking the same action in a less secluded locale. I mean, who was there first — the cops and muggers, or their potential (gay) victims? And once a place is established as a "hot cruising ground," how rapidly does its attractiveness erode? My own feeling as regards the most positive value toward S&M (gay or het) is based more in the increasingly successful catharsis one finds in his relationships, than in whatever danger surrounds them, or is intrinsic to them. As to the author's denial that S&M is as common in heterosexual relationships... well, our largest S&M toy chain has made a great deal of money by providing female as well as male attire and toys. In areas where "swinging" life styles are accepted, there is a great deal of heterosexual S&M. This leads me to wonder how the suppression of these tendencies equates to the suppression of homosexual urges in the same repressive communities. Until recently, of course, all S&M proclivities were hidden deeply in

people's respective closets. Could it not follow that gay men, in areas where being gay no longer results in social ostracism, may also feel free to display their other tendencies more openly? I don't want to go on forever, but let me add the final observation that (despite the opinion of some New Yorkers) the Big City (the setting for this article) is not a microcosm of the whole world, or country — gay or otherwise.

Dear Larry,

I've been reading for a long time, in various publications, that wearing leather is the same thing as being in drag. I don't think it is, but several of my "fluff" friends keep bugging me about it, calling my chaps and jacket "leather drag." What do you think?

A devoted Leatherman

Dear Man,

In the primitive conditions enjoyed by our distant forebears, clothing served the single purpose of protecting one's body — from either the cold, the burning rays of the sun, or the teeth of wild boars and sabre-toothed tigers. As we became more "civilized" we began to adapt and adorn our clothing to suit the various social (or work-related) situations in which we found ourselves. Wherever we go, we now "dress for the occasion." In that sense, any costume which is worn purely for the effect it will create is "drag"... business executives (male or female) in their expensive tailored suits, service people (or police) who wear their uniforms off duty, "high fashion" addicts of any sex or sexual persuasion. Even the studied sloppiness of our aging hippies and blossoming teenagers are attempts to make a statement through the clothes they wear (or almost wear) — and that, to me, is "drag." Wear you leathers and enjoy them; you're in good company.

Dear Larry,

I have been reading your stories, and other "porn" for a long time, and what's always bothered me is that you writers always stress the big cocks on your protagonists. What's wrong with a regular sized cock, or once in a while even a small cock?

Curious in Detroit

Dear Curious,

In the first place, those of us in the profession prefer that our work be known as "erotic fiction," not "porn." As to the big cocks, let me ask you: How many movies or TV shows have you seen where the romantic leads are old, fat, or homely? Two or three? How many have you seen where they are slender, handsome (or pretty), and youthful, if not down right juvenile? Dozens? Hundreds? When the producer of a love and/or sex story — or any story in which love or sex rears its lovely head — be this in the written or performing arts, he is always well advised to seek the fantasized perfection which the reader or viewer is unlikely to obtain in real life. If I thought my readers wanted stories about small cocks, I'd write stories about small cocks.

Dear Larry,

You say in your *Leatherman's Handbook* that a good "S" must have been bottom in order to gain the experience he

(continued on page 100)

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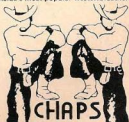
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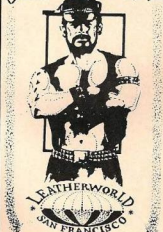


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ASTROLOGIC

VIRGO AUG.23-SEPT.22

VIRGO S: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Being a leatherman/biker has its hazards. The slogan says if you drink, don't drive.

But, remember that cycles and re-cycled beer do mix.

VIRGO M: Run your Harley into an on-coming car just for the thrill of it. A stay in County General should change that uppity attitude of yours.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Time for a new enterprise. Open up a flower shop specializing in cactus for S&M romantics who care enough to give pain.

LIBRA M: If the flowers don't sell, what the hell, you can always suck off your customers.

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Get a pet for the summer. To make sure it's healthy, get it a rabies shot or a blood test, depending on what kind of pet serves you best.

SCORPIO M: You'd probably be better off with the rabies shot.

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Don't try to solve your problems by falling in love. Remember, *M's love—S's are loved.*

SAGITTARIUS M: Beware of old friends coming back into your life ... unless they bring something with them that you haven't fucked yet.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Summertime is vacation time. Take your slave to see the U.S. heatwave.

CAPRICORN M: If Texas hasn't cooled off by now, learn to appreciate the taste of someone else's hot sweat on your tongue.

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Aren't you excited that Ronnie Reagan's taking us back to the "Good Old Days" ... when gas was 39¢-a-gallon, leather was considered bizarre, Crisco was for frying chicken, and everyone fucked with Vaseline.

AQUARIUS M: The "Good Old Days" to you were the Spanish Inquisition.

PISCES S: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) How about a summer swing through Islamic Iran where "getting stoned" has a whole new meaning.

PISCES M: Forget it ... a leather chador on you just doesn't cut it.

ARES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Do you really get off on blood, guts, gore and mayhem? Then become a surgical nurse.

ARES M: You're not smart enough to be a surgical nurse, so marry one. That way you'll always be able to serve cheap cuts of meat when friends drop over.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) As America turns back to morality and religion, do your share. Drill a glory hole in your local confessional booth.

TAURUS M: Even if you aren't Catholic, you love going to confession just so the priest will give you penance.

GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) Having a split personality can give one ulcers. You can never really be sure who's on top.

GEMINI M: Oh well, you've never cared before who's on top; so why start now?

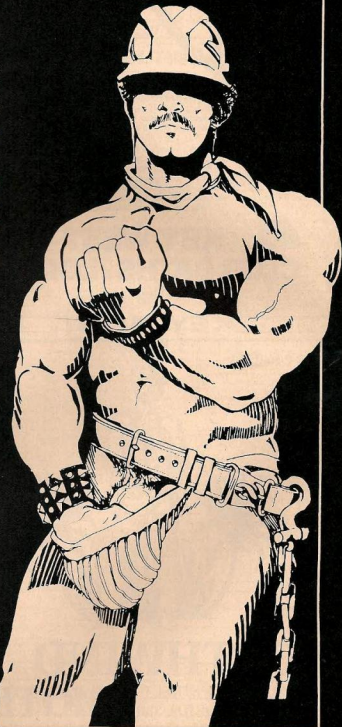
CANCER S: (June 21-July 22) Do something ethnic this summer. Open up a Jewish bike bar and call it the Leather Bar Mitzvah.

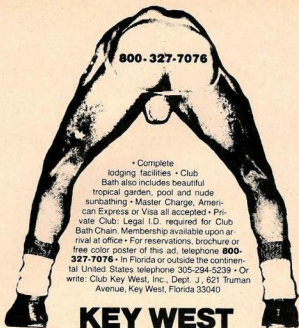
CANCER M: If circumcisions are performed in the bar, you get to keep the table scraps.

LEO S: (July 23-Aug. 22) Instead of giving your slaves the same old tired douche, give them a hemorrhoidectomy. After all, who wants to fuck an asshole that looks like a sea anemone.

LEO M: Have your Master ream you a new hole using a large, rusty potato peeler. Think of the strain and pain everytime you try to shit. S&M Scat!

—by Aristide





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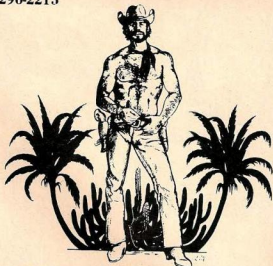
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LEATHER NOTEBOOK — (Continued from page 95)

needs. Well, my Master has never been an "M" and he's just great!

Peter in New York

Dear Peter,

Like any experienced philosopher, I left myself an "out" by noting that "there is always the exception to prove the rule." Nevertheless, your comments make me wonder: 1) Is your Master telling you the truth? 2) If so, what are his J.O. fantasies? 3) If these are still pure "S," he may indeed be a remarkable man; but how much better might he be if...

Dear Larry:

My friend and I are going to make a trip to Europe later this year, and although we hear that there is a lot of leather action in places like Germany and Holland, we wonder about Italy and France. We also have some concern about carrying things with us. What about customs? We know you've been there recently, so we thought we'd ask.

A pair of leather tourists

Dear Tourists:

You are in for a wonderful experience! The leathergays in Germany (and England, if you get there) are absolutely great. The bars in Germany are very much like ours in Los Angeles or San Francisco. London, of course, rolls in the sidewalks at 11:00 PM. Once you go south of Germany, however, the leather action decreases. You'll find a smidgeon in Zurich, less in the rest of Switzerland. There is a very closeted, hidden leather-world beginning to form in Vienna, but both the Swiss and the Austrians go to Germany (especially Munich) for their action. Unless you know someone with whom you are going to make the scene in France or Italy, there is very little chance of a memorable encounter. There's lots of street sex, cruising parks, gay "disco" type bars, etc., but the leather action is not easily found. My advice is definitely, "Go north, young man, for the European leather." Scandinavia has its possibilities (Copenhagen and Stockholm); so does Amsterdam, although none of them compare to Munich, Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Cologne. And, like the United States, it is getting to be more difficult to judge the book by its cover. There are lots of gays in leather, but they don't always mean it.

As to taking clothes and/or toys through customs: The chances of your being searched very thoroughly by foreign customs is fairly remote. In addition to the fact that they are heavy, metal appliances are the only things that can really cause you problems, because they show up on the equipment intended to identify guns or bombs, or whatever else they may be looking for when you board an airplane. Leather clothing is no problem — nothing illegal about chaps and motorcycle jackets. As to toys, I'd stick with pretty simple items, preferably cheapies that you can leave behind when you come home. Our customs are the worst of any, and can be the most embarrassingly thorough. I would also suggest that you leave your fifteen-inch dildo with balls at home. (And don't wear a steel-studded cockring when you go through the metal detector.)

SAN FRANCISCO, hot, trim, 34, masculine, seeks some for leather, leather bondage. Send photo, phone. Box 638.

LOS ANGELES, S. Libra, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable attractive, imaginative stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drinks, ferts, fats. Love sex. Box 133.

ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS for hot scenes, 6", blk/bwn, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30's, 165 lbs. Likes women to make him heavy, hitz punishment, meatotomy and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ultimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of the individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all. Reply with phone, please, to: Box holder, PO PO 26042, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

SAN FRANCISCO, goodlooking uncut stud. Seeks dominant butch uniformed law man, cycle cop, leatherman SS or Gestapo types for FF, trip, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B. Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things that we will talk about. Aromas, etc. The one who doesn't know where his head is. Please, Sir, Box 167.

ORAL SLAVE

Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs., 7" uncult, gives total oral service; appreciates W/S, dirty talk, name-calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, asshole licking. Looking for white Latin or Asian into having a tall slave. Should be 18-45, masculine, leather/levi. Box 104VC.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut, looking for masculine slender or muscular man under 55, white. Not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

TITS AND ASS

LOS ANGELES, S, stocky hairy body, shaved head wears ear warmers and warmies for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-punching, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean, non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

AVAILON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" uncult. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits or mind-blowing orgasms, which wish to share in either role (prefer dominant). Must have boat (live on is fine). Seek him biker/leather man for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking, non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time biker/leather man who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topper, under 45, to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or ferts. Photo please. Sir, Cal. Box 85113, L.A., CA 90028.

MASTER WANTED

Novice black slave, 5'8", 165 lbs., seeks dominant loving master. Must be over 6 ft. with masculine attitude. The bigger the better. Box 54.

SF passive seeks object of dedication, 5'8", 155 lbs., 29, brown hair, hazel eyes. Docile when it matters. Open to most scenes with trustworthy top. Box 391.

SIRI W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and mustache obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. 256 S. Robertson, No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, Can travel.

Hot, hunky, handsome stud, 30, 6', 160 lbs., Asian, w/m, S&M, B&D, w/ cut, kinky sex desires same for mutual experimentation, expansion of limits. Open to all trips. Photo and video. PO Box 284, Oceanside, CA 92054.

BELT, PADDLE, RAZOR STRAP, WHIP, Apatia, being taken by muscular 52, 5'11", 190 lbs. For bare ass whipping, Box 758.

FRENCH PASSIVE DAD WANTED Quiet, submissive, admiring w/m, 28, slim and nice-looking wants proud, masculine, bare-chested man to administer, discipline, asshole and will give lots of French to one well-built big brother. Will lie at your feet or in your strong arms. Age not important. Box 759.

SAN FRANCISCO, Need help relating to S&O. Need job, apartment, friends, donations. Can you help me? Please? Michael D. Essig, Box 828, Jackson, MI 49203.

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirty dude with rank mumps, slim ashhol and a cruddy uncult cock wears greasy, rotting, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digging, pinning, hitting, puking, sweating and farting. Good with chains, tires, concrete, mud, toys, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

OROVILLE, 34, 6', 180 lbs., brown/brown, looking for master who loves leather as I do: feel, smell, taste, sight. I need a nice, clean, hairy i/o, feel, smell of warm/hot leather, scats and piss. I need the right man. W.R. Fiedler, Rt 2 Box 2498, Oroville, CA 95965.

ORANGE COUNTY, M, 31, 6'4", 210 lbs., 8" cut, goodlooking, hairy chest, bearded leather slave needs MASTER, beard preferred, hairy, for heavy S&M, B&D, w/o. No shaving or drugs. Must be well hung. Send pic if possible. Box 768.

HAYWARD, S, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8" cut, goodlooking, hairy chest, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No fats, ferts, flabby, older, out of shape. Should have good built and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402.

SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, 6 1/2" cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

HAYWARD, S, muscular, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8" cut, looking for together, well built, bottoms with eagerness to please, masculine appearance, under 35. Into all scenes with responsive partners. Box 402.

SAN DIEGO, SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well-equipped game room, with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667F.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage FF, W/S, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game room. Box 239.

SAN FRANCISCO, 29, 5'11", 150 lbs., uncult 7"; looking for uncult, unclean, untamed big-dicked asshole to discipline, shit, no damage, no drugs. Otherwise anything goes. Photo of yours gets photo of mine. Box 666.

VENICE, M, 22, 6', 130 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, seeks Master, 21-35, to train me to do his bidding. Am novice but will master master with patience. Box 74.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Box 1015F.

SANTA MONICA, W/m, 50, seeking someone into recycled beer, give and take. Box 286.

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7"; knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking, well-equipped with toys, seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be clean-shaven, clean-cut. Box 207.

WEAPONS SCENEWANTED: police, military, security, air gun enthusiasts. Hot, strong, w/m, 30, travels. You call the shots. B. Hunter, Box 8139, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

NORWALK S looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'6", 125 lbs. Box 706.

HUNG COWBOY, Capricorn, 51, 6', 195 lbs., 8" x 8", wants sex slave, dies muscles, etc. Box 61, Van Nuys, CA 91408.

PIGS WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO, Two hot pig farmers, both w/m: S, 37, 5'8", 155 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys, FFA, WS, enemas, tats, ass eating and other games. Photo gets photo. W. V. Box, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

Mature relaxed dude looking for buddies in north San Diego County. Rap, set it on, versatile SM, Sapi, tarius, cut, laid-back. Box 395.

Hairy guy into raunchy jack straps, WS, and heavy leather. Digs having his crutch licked and his boots pinned. On 6', 155 lbs., 8", white, 11" cut. Into jack strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

PALM SPRINGS, M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/leather a turnon. Box 902.

GLENDAL, SM, 38, 5'11", 152 lbs., 8" uncult, Chinese/Polish, medium/muscular build; into total anal sensitivity. Looking for men in shape, 8" or bigger, with small hands. No pain, body odor, stupidity. Box 65.

KINKY FILTHY HOT 31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy levis and jack straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, 30, 6', 150 lbs., good body, wants appreciative into W/S, B/D, S&M. Phone & photo answered first. Box 001.

WANTED!

BIG MATURE TITS! P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

SLAVE

Available for big tough millionaire, over 40. You set the limits. I'll earn my keep. 33, 5'11", 140 lbs., athletic, masculine, educated, sensitive. NO a phony. POB 115, Big Sur, CA 93920.

SAN FRANCISCO, All right, ass-slave, do you think you're hot shit? Prove it! I'm a pushy bottom who might just turn the tables on you and make you grovel. You've got to be hard on me. I'm 29, hunky, hung, hot leatherman into your trip, whatever it is, provided you're man enough to carry it through. Otherwise, I'll switch out. You'll be doing MY trip. Send a pic or I won't bother answering you. Prove you're a "Sir," asshole! Box 100.

COLORADO

Goodlooking athletic Colorado Cowboy, 25, brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, seeks macho cigar smoker. I've got a hairy butt that needs you. Box 542.

DENVER MS, 40, wants to meet topper to 50. No ferts, fats, scat. Photo and phone a must. No out-of-towns. Box 397.

LEATHER TRAINING

By older, experienced leatherman to young novice; beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime-live in basis. Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and leathersex goals! Instructor C/O Mountain Men, Box 18676, Denver, CO 80218.

Will write to all goodlooking, well-built guys wearing leather pants, jacks, high top boots. Ed Moyer, heavy drugs! Silverton, CO 81433. Include photo.

CONNECTICUT

QUEST: Emerging M, 39, fair w/ short must hair, rsmble-looking, 5'11", 142 lbs., game 6 1/2", clean-shaven, slim, good mind, masculine is ready to do more than dabble. Needs an intelligent, experienced leather, 35-45 or so, to lead the way. The body's hot and requires some thoughtful training. Strong bond of trust essential. No scat, extreme pain, heavy drugs! Sinking. I'm newish to this world but know I belong. Do you read me, Sir(s)? Live central CT. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box 680.

Those who want a dominant and experienced leather Master, send me your application. This is for friends of the Leather/Levi S&M Scene. Leather, toys, bondage and other interesting items will be used on acceptable items! Box 437.

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, cut, muscular, firm; seeks hairy stud slave, 18-35, white, slim, muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey. Box 257.

MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50's, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand. Experienced leatherman, into leather, tied, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, ferts. Box 329.

STAMFORD S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9 1/2" to forced your mouth or ass. Into W treated in real man or ass. Box 707.

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well-built, into looking for tall, well built, well hung studs. Box 985.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30" w/ white, 6", runner/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar S&M for erotic S&M, B&D. Box 215.

WASHINGTON M, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular, knowledgeable, tight-assed slave seeks experienced, level-headed master. Reply ATS, P.O. Box 32261, Washington, DC 20007.

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED? S, 6', 51, 185 lbs. will train slave any age with good body, firm buns. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

WASHINGTON, SM, Sag., 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., white, 10"; knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner. 45-50. No fems, fats, long hair or body odor. Box 84D.

WASHINGTON, slave, Sag., 54, 5'6", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. 7' cut, under 36, no beards, red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 227S.

FLORIDA

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'11", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand, can be a master role and wants non-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, j/c; with this goodlooking narcissist, 40, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Studs can sweat me down and use me at both ends. Submissives will stay down, drink, and worship. Miami, Box 47.

HAIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., white, 6"; knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 9.

COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155 lbs., white; knowledgeable, open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., crescent, construction worker, into leather, levis, boots, bikers, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and hung. Need service from masculine, not hungry, piss thirsty dudes. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7", 160 lbs., 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers. Only best/breach/uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

MOTORCYCLE COPS

Muscular hairy c/o, 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only best/breach/uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

HAIRY MACHO MEN If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex, hairy rugged, rugged, rugged masters; write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr. and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men age 25 into B&D, submission, tit workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assumed, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714.

HAWAII

DEAR MASTER: Though I am young (21, 6'4", 190 lbs.) and inexperienced, I am enthusiastic, submissive and eager to please you. Teach me your fantasy. A letter with picture will receive same. Box 006.

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, 6'5" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very masculine, expect same, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

IDAHO

TRAVELING DOMINANT S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage; am always horny. No fats, fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski buddies. Box 18.

ILLINOIS

Bearded, hairy, 22, 5'11", 190 lbs., 6'5" cut, wants experienced top to go in good shape, prefer hairy. Enjoy T/A work, W/S, FF top, long hard rimming, fucking bottom. Box 002.

BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body; know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155 lbs., slender but muscular build, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'11", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats, Box 418.

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slave's endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

WANTED: SLAVE

No weak slaves or dominants. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. Into all scenes except scat. Box 665F.

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7"; knowledgeable, enthusiastic and willing to try anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats, Box 186Z.

CHICAGO, W/m, 29, 6'2", 170 lbs., intelligent, prof., 6'5", Cancer, seeks dominant, hairy, masculine, goodlooking men for long hot sex. No FF, scat or w/s. Into leather & levis, jock straps, etc. Box 602.

BODYBUILDER MASTER, submissive will suck on your piss-cubes while you adjust his attitude and expand his conduct. Properly earn the honor of further privileged administration as You see fit. Serious only. Photo with reply to Box 760.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6"; knowledgeable; turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-beneficial sessions. Respect limits. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 172R.

BODYBUILDER

S, versatile, hunky Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving slave for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Preferred for footed sessions. Am 5'8", 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Alton, IL). Box 159M.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11", 170 lbs., white, 6"; knowledgeable; turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-beneficial sessions. Master wears rubber boots for rubber slaves; leather boots for leather slaves. Limits respected, no drugs. Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston, IL 60201.

MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE Who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and obedient. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim, and bike. 18-35 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter. Box 314.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6'5" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is in bondage and pain. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-40, no fats. Box 73.

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 22, 5'11", 155 lbs., white, 7", seeks hung master for total dominance. Lay into humiliation, B&D, S&M, L/L, piss. Leather boots, jackets and caps a real turn on. Let this hot slave serve you, Sir. P.O. Box 1401, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 49, 6'3", 195 lbs., 6'5" uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncut. Am understanding but forceful. Box 180Q.

KENTUCKY

A full measure of pure pleasure. The Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., Box 2077, Lexington KY 40594.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, submit a picture. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40588.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS, SM (IM preferred), 35, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 7 1/2" uncut, experienced in all play seeking dominant top who knows how to use an ass and likes to do it. Visitors, groups most welcome. No fems or phones. Box 422.

MUNROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeks w/m, 25-40. Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume role for pro- per M. Box 332.

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7 1/2" novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role playing. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE AREA, M, novice, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere, understanding, experienced partner, knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some U S travel. Box 128.

MASSACHUSETTS

UNIFORMS

Ex-Marine with fetish for spit-shined military shoes and Marine Corps uniforms would like a letter/photo correspondence. Box 413.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

BOSTON, M, inexperienced, 5'10", 165 lbs., will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Can follow orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No futs, especially no fems. Box 192.

MICHIGAN

MASTER WANTED, Slave, 42, 6'11", 190 lbs., 6 1/2" uncut, enjoys bondage, spanking, rimming and tit work. Have lots of toys and leather. Write Jim 414 Lakeview Ave., Battle Creek, MI 49015.

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs., white, 6 1/2", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

DETROIT w/m, 34, 5'6", 135 lbs., good body, hairy and hung (especially thick) needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive nudes with good tight bodies to age 40. FF bondage, no toys, no feds, no fims. No fats or fems. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024.

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7" uncut; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing; with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horny, not afraid to give and take alike. Into levi/leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotional problems. Box 204.

MINNESOTA

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED Dominant Master, 36, Gemini, 6'3", 175 lbs., seeks permanent slave. Am experienced with well-equipped game room. Am into leather/Levi, FF, WS, B&D and S&M. Seeking young slave who is willing to serve on a permanent basis, and who will see a show of affection not as a sign of weakness. No fats or fems, sincere only. Mike, 1613 1/2 Street South, Moorhead, MN 56560.

TOILET FACE SITTING MINNEAPOLIS, SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7 1/2" bearded bottom for piss & scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filth freak. Into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. bondage. Will assume role for pro- per M. Box 55440.

MISSOURI

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, pain, punishment, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaved. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed **Ugus**. At Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious reputation. Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

ST. LOUIS, SM, 43, 6', 160 lbs, 7" uncult, beard, novice, into either role. Looking for masculine dominant. 21-45, prefer hairy chest and uncult. No farts, fems, or scat. Dig top role, into WS, cock worship. Box 64.

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Tardis must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be late 40s. Box 245.

NEBRASKA

OMAHA, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs, enacting scene. Looking for clancut white M to 30, goodlooking, muscular, smooth body, masculine and who enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet, you must be same. Personal character important. No drugs, farts, fems or dirty need apply. Box 231.

NEVADA

Seek uncult studs with 10%-12" joints who like sleeping connected on permanent basis. J. Lawbush, Malmo, NE 68046.

NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN JERSEY, W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs, white, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, farts, fems or phones. Box 291.

HIGHSTOWN, M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs, 7" cut. Blood hunk seeks bachelorette controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking, cut, dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

HE-MAN STUDS ONLY

Generous guy gives complete oral service. Lays back and relax. Very discreet and safe for marrieds. Note with photo. P.O. Box 342, Pine Brook, NJ 07058.

JERSEY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6', 163 lbs, white, 6", novice. Hair, light leather, bondage and spanking with spreader. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me and let his friends use me, too. I'll serve as third to a Master and his slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ.

NEW YORK

SUPER HEAVY S&M

Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real M's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 009, 147 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

VERY STRICT

NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs, 7" cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write revealing letter, begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

MS, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs, 6 1/2" cut into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim, M level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs, 6 1/2", goodlooking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 405E.

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6" tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A.

Masculine-appearing w/m, M likes to get spanked, perhaps w/s, no other S&M, wished to meet clean-cut, straight-type men over 30 who aren't getting what they want from their wife or girlfriend. No drug users, soft smokers, hustler, hippies, long hairs. Absolutely no money involved either way. I especially dig uniforms, although a uniform is not essential. I am discreet and I expect the same from you. Box 762.

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs, 7" uncult, SM, Aquarius, seeks knowledgeable master into L/L, who is respectful of limits. Am into S&M, B&D, etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots together, like a sure turn on. Are you ready to train me? Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 448BNY.

NYC FOOT SLAVE, 26, 6'11", 180 lbs, br/br, very attractive, masculine and friendly. Gr A/P. Fr A/P. wishes to together, like foot-toed foot master to explore ultimate depths of foot service, scenes, fantasies, feelings, intimacy and beyond. Please write Box 304, 201 Varick St., New York, NY 10014.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs, 7" cut, goodlooking, clean-cut novice seeks macho, goodlooking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, light bondage and WS from masculine, clean-cut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn-on. Box 220K.

BUFFALO, w/m, 42, 6'11", 174 lbs, uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, toys for fun. Learn. Will answer all travel. Box 715.

QUEENS, NYC, bearded, M, Scorpio, bottom man, 5'10", 160 lbs, hairy body, bald but builds, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy discipline. FF, WS, scat, Jack traps, hairy body, light bondage and WS from masculine, clean-cut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn-on. Box 220K.

GET CLEANED OUT

Guy, 35, looking for hot rude asses needing hot soapy enemas followed by some rough Greek action. Write: T. Guy, 147 W. 42nd St., Room 603, NYC 10036.

SILICONE

Masculine, hot man interested in connecting with siliconed men. Don't write if you haven't had it done. Exchange information, ideas, photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

Boesman, white, 42, 5'7", 145 lbs, well built, rugged, good looks, hung, tattooed, bearded, bright, imaginative, wears leather, levis, boots, and the like. My piss, hand and balls looking for some man to fuck with. Write: RCS, Box 1064, New York, NY 10022.

MANHATTAN, Black man, 50, seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking, lick, drink, my piss, wanting his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A large cock, good looking, asset, his head, in service, allegiance, love and communion. Box 510.

W/m, tall, attractive, 30x, moustache, uncult, looking for hot sex, WS, FF (top), verbal, whatever. Box 489.

NYC, S, Taurus, 49, 6', 170 lbs, w/m, 7" novice, demands contact by dark hairy slave, black or white. Must be a large cock and desire to display and P.L.A. Box 153P.

BONDAGE - SUSPENSION W/m, goodlooking, 33, into making fantasies a reality in a well-equipped game room. Bound together, suspended with another master's slave. Make me completely immobile. For who wants to be bottom again to masters who have sophisticated game rooms. Dig masks, harnesses, mummification, unique and imaginative toys, cracks, racks. Have the best game room in NY. Into 3-ways, travel frequently to LA & SF. Photo requested. Box 763.

NYC, hot animal, mid-30's, wants to smell and lick your hot unwashed, funky body, sweaty underarms, feet, asshole, nose, drink your piss. Get serviced the way you've dreamed of. Box 712, New York, NY 10011.

SADIST, 35, seeks masochist/slave into pain, cock, ball and tit torture, humiliation, bondage, piss, discipline, verbal and physical. If you ONLY need is to serve your Master, write with telephone, address and a description of your qualifications/ desires. Photo appreciated. Submission, Box 379, NYC 10008.

BROOKLYN, M, Aquarius, 33, 6', 170 lbs, white/Cherokee Indian, 7" uncult, knowledgeable. Smooth bodybuilder, talented, tight ass slave needs dominating Master to 30, over 6", hairy, into B&D, no role switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'8", Aries/ Taurus cup, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M interested in corresponding with sticky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus, Box 625.

NYC, hot-looking w/m, 35, seeks together men under 40 who like their balls worked over. Have interesting toys for your enjoyment. Limits respected but hopelessly expanded. Box 003.

NYC, M, 28, 6', 155 lbs, goodlooking, blond, looking for goodlooking MASTER into B&D, light S&M, toys, w/s, enemas, spanking, etc. NO SCAT, photo, phone. Also travel LA. Box 005.

GRAPPLING MAKES ME HOT! You? Whether you're a hard little punk or a big overmuscled Adonis or in between, let's tangle. Man with toughest will wins and uses tits, feet, armpits, etc. as he pleases. This big guy travels to get out of his iron scissors and kick my ass if you can. Positively will answer letters w/m to 30. Kinky P.O. Box 1198, New York City 10028.

DRUMBEATS BEATS 'EM ALL!

SEX-AGEHARIANI

Libra, M, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60s, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoy imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS

or your pad, whichever you prefer, 37, 6'2", 180 lbs, 5 1/2" cut, and new to the leather scene. I've been hung, rugged studs who like to be worshipped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the like. I learn and turn me on. I want to learn about w/s, B.O. enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from big-cocked masters. No farts or fems. Will try most anything once. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, S, Taurus, 46, 5'9", 172 lbs, 6" uncult, hairy, experienced, trustworthy, imaginative master seeks serious macho leather/leather 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spreadable bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded, active, submissive, will happily actively submissive reply. Box 165R.

OHIO

COVINGTON J. CINCINNATI, M, white, 36, 5'10", 165 lbs, wants to make heavy beer cut takes into B&D w/s, scat. Any age and race. Box 007.

BOOT LOVER, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs, looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to lick them and cum on them. Box 151.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195 lbs, white, 6 1/2", knowledgeable, active, into S&M, light S&M. Would switch roles with w/s. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers, drug users or hippies. Box 187L.

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5' 10", 155 lbs, white, 6 1/2", novice. Would like to be a right partner to please large, well-built partner 50. No farts, heavy S&M, or B.O. Box 17V.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs, white, 6", biker, leather/leather, mutual satisfaction for macho, sincere, straight-shooting, butch types. No farts, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

OKLAHOMA

MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be the only sex work on your mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 6'2", solid body, 7 1/2", loose into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9", 180 lbs, 8" uncult, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

OREGON

PORTLAND bottom man, 31, 6'2", 185 lbs, seeks macho top for dominating, oral, training, dildos, ass beating, humiliation, any kinky scene. Visitors welcome. Box 624.

HOW DO YOU SPELL HOT? D-R-U-M-B-E-A-T

Personal ads in Drumbats may not include phone numbers.

PORTLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs., semi-muscular, hairy, 7/8" cut, de-manding. Like to wear slaves but respect limits. Masculine dudes, tattooed, muscular, or at least not fat, that want discipline in leather or latex. Write: Box 241.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 40, 6' 2", 210 lbs., white, 7", learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced, masculine S. Box 23.

SCRANTON, M, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs. 6", intelligent novice slave, very affectionate. To serve Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please, 5'6", 32, 140 lbs., white, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a wild, beards O.K. Box 705.

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED Philadelphia, S, 42, 5'7", 145 lbs., wants slave 18:50 for prolonged bondage, discipline, boot/foot worship, face and ass fucking. No FF, drugs or shit. Box 765.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160 lbs., white, 7", knock-edgeable. Italian stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his boots, leather and chains. Will train up to 35 in S&M, W&D, WS, chains, bike and western, leather, wigs. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 52.

WILKES BARRIE, S, Cancer, 41, 6' 7", 170 lbs., white, 12". Experienced military disciplinarian with rural background, 20 years military experience. Seeks prisoners, from beginners to experienced, for penitence discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 55.

HARRISBURG, M, 160 lbs., 28", white slave looking for master, 21-55, no fakes, fats, fems, uglies. Into WS, B&D, hock straps, torn pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or die. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC. Box 959.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5' 10", 140, white, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner no 50, Box 052F.

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6' 8", 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncult, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline: spanking, whipping, bare under, 40, white in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fates, fems or heavy S&M. Box 83.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5' 9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Master S seeks M under 35 in S&M, B&D, WS, oil, leather, levis. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN. All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, levis, rim-shanking, WS, phis, pring (B09) 722-3631, Will be in Miami Beach and NYC in August. Am 5'11", light brown, 148 lbs., all man.

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into whippings with belts, welts, tie torture, verbal abuse, bondage, manhandling, cuffs, gag, piss, enemas, sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis, boots and uniforms. Seeks correspondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 288.

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE, S, 39, 6', 150 lbs., 5" uncult, masculine stud looking for well-built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations. Into man-to-man action. No bullshitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box 61.

TEXAS

EAGER TO LEARN

HOUSTON area w/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs. like to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386.

RETIRED TEXAN

Free to travel USA. Interests include, but not limited to: leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MC police uniform (breaches and boots). Most anxious to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs., sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible for all needs as play. Speaks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

CHAIN GANG, W/M seeks rough and raunchy dude to make me fill chain gang/prison fantasy. Forced labor, humiliation, bondage, ranch, travel. Sentence negotiable. Box 764.

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 89", completely inexperienced, prefer someone to explore our unknown fantasies. Prefer hot, horny, masculine, outdoor type, no heavy action; new to this but willing to try anything once. Race no problem. No scat/drop and/or hear from all you hot men. Photo appreciated. Box 266.

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncult, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D.

VIRGINIA

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, 25 or under, into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D.

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 45, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, into big bikes and sports who ride them, cigars, leather/levis, trucks, horses, WS, j/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates 25 or under, US, applies with photo and phone get mine. Box 3501, Richmond, VA 23220.

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3", 190 lbs., white, 7"; novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G.

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7" uncult, 5'10", 240 lbs., Box 181X.

SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Loving fist, trained by the best. Enjoy man, not boys. Into uniforms, sport (if you know what I mean); am hot for trucks, cowboys and leather. Am 5'6", 170 lbs., husky, 9" uncult. Box 698.

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6', 175 lbs., white, 7" novice will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into WS, B&D, humiliation, public exhibitionism. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130V.

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150 lbs., white, 7"; novice. Master bearded stud seeks available contacts 15-24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 62K.

MILWAUKEE, MS, Capricorn, 42, 6'4", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. 15 years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner, 25-60. No fats. Box 294V85.

CONTACT

IRANIAN-CUBANS

B/B, 5'10", 28, 162 lbs., 7 1/2" wants to fight, wrestle, spank, cockfight to dominance with 18-28 (only). Young arrogant dudes like best. Mean stallion in leather/levis will take challenge from young challengers who want to win. I'm the top cock and will prove it. Verbal abuse, explicit letter, phone, photo, address to Box 11624, Coral Ridge Station, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Think you're top stallion? As my cock humps, you won't.

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AUSTRALIA

SOUTH AUSTRALIA, M, 46, 180 lbs., 7½" uncult, extremely obedient. May I serve you? Box 720.

MELBOURNE, M, 42, 63", 190 lbs., 7" cut, seeks tonsure, 25-45, hung, macho, well built. Am willing to perform, but my limits should be respected. Box 298.

BRAZIL

S/M, 30 years old, searching for guys with same interests. Write to P.O. Box 16 216, Rio de Janeiro, C.E.P. 20.000.

CANADA

ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5"8", 6½" cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473.

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 31c per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned.

Warlockslave, skinhead, seeks body shavers. Truckers serviced. P.O. Box 3072, Vancouver, Canada V6B 3X6.

I am young. My body is very hard. I am hot, moist, and still. Please write. Culver, Box 324.

S/M, w/m, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., dark h/ & eyes, moustache. Good bod. Seeks other macho jocks and b/b for man to man action. Into tit play, sweat, w/s, Gr & Fr, w/s groups and 3-ways. Photo a must or no reply. Box 004.

MONTREAL, FULL LEATHER S, 34, 6' looks for experienced M into long sessions of heavy pain, bondage, strict obedience, full respect and service. Said M will get any or all of genital torture, crops, sore tits and use, piercing, catheters, shaving, public humiliation, etc. S will train willing novice and respect limits. Only serious applicants will be answered. Box 123.

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S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disciplinarian, but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender, under 5'10" prefer uncult, should be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fats, fems, scat. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mil S&M, B&D, WS, and GWS. Box 238.

ENGLAND

MIDDLESEX, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., 7" cut, medium build, short hair, masculine, seeks same w/s, 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or levis, hung. Am into good S&M, bondage, fisting, whipping, dildoes. Box 383.

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7", very active, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes. Ready to meet man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 6658.

OXFORD, Knowledgeable M, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs, into leather, rubber, denim. Has a good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723.

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE, S, 5'9½", 50, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557.

LONDON, M, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 5½" uncult, into WS, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630.

LONDON BEGINNER

W/m, 32, 6", 165 lbs., looking for partner in leather or denim. Willing to try almost anything. Box 716.

SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

WEST GERMANY

KAISERSLAUTERN, W/M, 30, 5'11", 160 lbs. American living in Europe. Interested in leather, bondage, bikes, UNIFORMS. Versatile, either role, anxious to get it on with other Americans, Europeans, any others. Cops and Allied/Nato military especially welcome. Don't worry; I'm discreet and expect you to be. Box 396.

WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master. Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked, etc. Box 106.

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncult, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fems. Travel to US occasionally. Box 112.

GERMAN SM, 34, 6'2", uncult, experienced, wants to meet men on both coasts into leather, levis, toys and games. No hangups about age, race or endowment. Also want to share slaves with Master. Also into exchanging ideas, etc. Write with details and photo. Box 134.

WEST GERMANY

German, S, 42, 5'6", 140 lbs, masculine, bearded, hung and uncult, seeks active, masculine slaves, 18-30, into S&M, humiliation and far-out, kinky sex. Visit USA twice a year. Game, money and equipment are awaiting visitors to Germany. Send photo. Box 206.


MUNICH, SM, 37, 189 cm, 83 kg, 15 cm uncult, muscular; looking for men with beards or moustache, in leather or uniform, over 30, who are masculine, able to command or take commands. No fats, fems, uncult. Box 270.

LUXEMBOURG

Novice needs training. W/m, 33, 163 cm, 75 kg, prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 629.

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M, 30, can assume either role; interested in a real man. Tends to be passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys. Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M.

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER wants muscular trainer. Am 23, 5'10", blond, 200 lbs, 6" uncult. Box 556.

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA, Bottom, 36, Fr. act, Gr. pass, tall, slim, accommodations (sex, bed and breakfast) for top men on their way thru Geneva. Tele. phone in advance. (022) 31-91-76.

BODYBUILDER

Leather stud, 27, into heavy chests and big peck, muscular asses; would like to see photos of American bodybuilders into leather straps, jocks and heavy action. Andreas Buhlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich CH, Switzerland.

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PORTLAND bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig ass beating, humiliation, piss, rimming, toys, tit work, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goodlooking. Box 624.

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Philadelphia white slave, a young 42, slim, wants to be "kidnapped" by dirty dungareed rugged men with trucks who will use me as labor and to serve their sweaty dungarees and rugged bodies all over! Box 490.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 43, 6'2", 210 lbs., white, 7½" learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist. Bondage (steel and leather) and other experiences with clean masculine S desired. Box 023.

BLACK MASTER, 6'3", 195 lbs., 39" meat, vacationing in California the month of September. Looking for obedient slave for C&B, T/T, FF, shaving, candles, chains, w/s, bondage, humiliation, p/p, and more. Pigs, dogs, other animals, submit detailed application with photo. Box 707.

WESTERN MOUNTAIN MAN

Biker toman looking for macho men whose realities are leather/levis, cock & ball torture, water sports, rope and chain bondage, belt whippings, sweat and boots. Am 6', 180 lbs., 7½" uncult, w/m, Beards, hot cops, cowboys, truckers, bikers are sure to get my attention. Box 318V2.

FRESNO, w/m, 40, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom FF, erotic enemas, exploring fantasy. No great hangups about age, race, etc. but not into chicken, dopers or grotesque freaks. Box 103C.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to work you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut erotic painter into total oral/anal play. Solid 210 lb. ex-coach expects obedience, disc worship, 6½" cut, blue eyes, 5'10" sexual athlete, 52, wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relationship, including role-switching possible with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market. Mellow scenes possible too. Enjoy men of all ages. Willing to train novice. Respect limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

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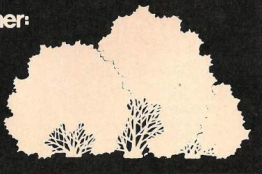
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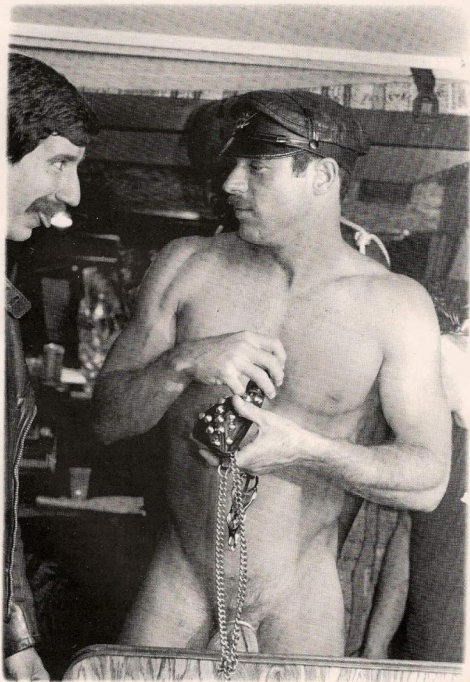
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ASK ABOUT OUR NEW MERCHANDISE

Photo by Robert Purzan taken backstage at the Mr. South of Market Contest.





photo/Greg Day

A packed house celebrates the "Mr. South of Market Contest," June 26. The contest, sponsored by Drummer Magazine, was the first event in Trocadero's four-day 1980 Parade weekend, which ended with a Ted Dance attended by 1950 people.

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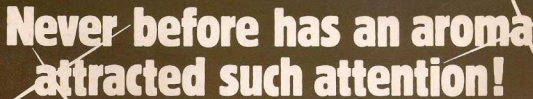
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